HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIII.—No. 659.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

MEDAL PRESENTED TO MIDSHIPMAN MASON.

IN our issue for April 24 we gave a portrait of young Midshipman T. BAILEY MYERS MASON, who on the 8th of February saved the lives of two seamen of the *Guerriere*, off Rio Janeiro. On that day Mr. MASON was sent ashore in charge of the steam launch of the *Guerriere*, to search for and bring off the men who were on liberty. Five of the men were found and placed in the launch, and being intoxicated and riotous were put in irons. One of them jumped overboard with his irons on, and would have been drowned had not Mr. MASON jumped after him and rescued him, with imminent peril to himself. Scarcely had Mr. MASON got aboard with his man than another, also in irons, jumped overboard; and although Mr. MASON was greatly exhausted by his first effort, he jumped after and rescued him. For these two acts of gallantry he was most highly commended by his commanding officer, by the Admiral of the station, and by the Secretary of the Navy; and the Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York ordered a gold medal to be struck in his honor, and to be presented to him. Shortly after the arrival of the *Guerriere* at this port the medal, of which we give an illustration on this page, was presented to MASON by the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, who read to him the following letter:

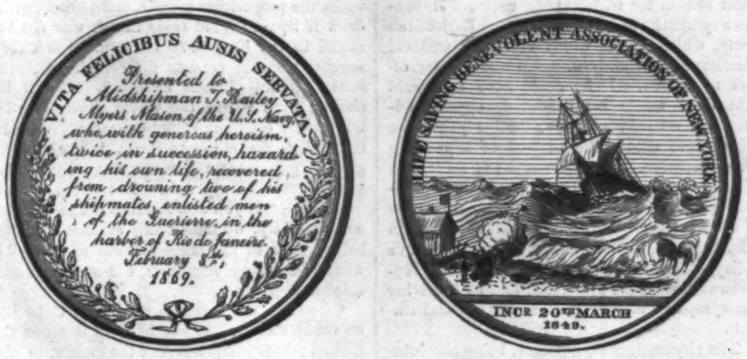
LIFE SAVING BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK,
No. 51 WALL STREET, *July* 26, 1869.

To T. BAILEY MYERS MASON, *Midshipman:*

DEAR SIR,—This association has inscribed on one of its gold medals the following testimonial: "Presented to Midshipman T. BAILEY MYERS MASON, of the United States Navy, who, with generous heroism, twice in succession, hazarding his own life, recovered from drowning two of his shipmates, enlisted men of the *Guerriere*, in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, February 8, 1869." The signal acts of unselfish gallantry thus sought to be commemorated have their chief reward in the consciousness that, upon the impulse of a humane and noble courage, you delivered from sudden death two human lives. They have also been recognized in the report of your superior officers, and the special commendations of the Secretary of the Navy, and we would not attempt to supersede or add to the high meed of praise thus awarded by the nation through its official representatives. But it is one of the chartered privileges of our Association to encourage meritorious conduct in the discharge of the sacred duty of saving lives exposed at sea, and by a suitable and enduring record to mark and perpetuate its just appreciation of acts of self-sacrifice and heroism. In obedience to this the Association has caused the medal to be so inscribed, and to be herewith transmitted for your acceptance. Respectfully, your obedient servant,

ROYAL PHELPS, *Secretary.*

Mr. BEECHER followed with a few appropriate words, to which young MASON made a modest and brief reply. After the presentation of the medal Admirals STRINGHAM and DAVIS stepped forward and shook hands with MASON, complimenting him on the honor he had received. The medal is of fine gold, and is worth at least $40.


VITA FELICIBUS AUSIS SERVATA
Presented to Midshipman T. Bailey Myers Mason of the U.S. Navy who, with generous heroism, twice in succession, hazarding his own life, recovered from drowning two of his shipmates, enlisted men of the Guerierre in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. February 8th, 1869.
LIFE SAVING BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK
INCD 20TH MARCH 1849.

MEDAL PRESENTED TO MIDSHIPMAN T. B. M. MASON BY THE LIFE SAVING BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY, PHILADELPHIA.

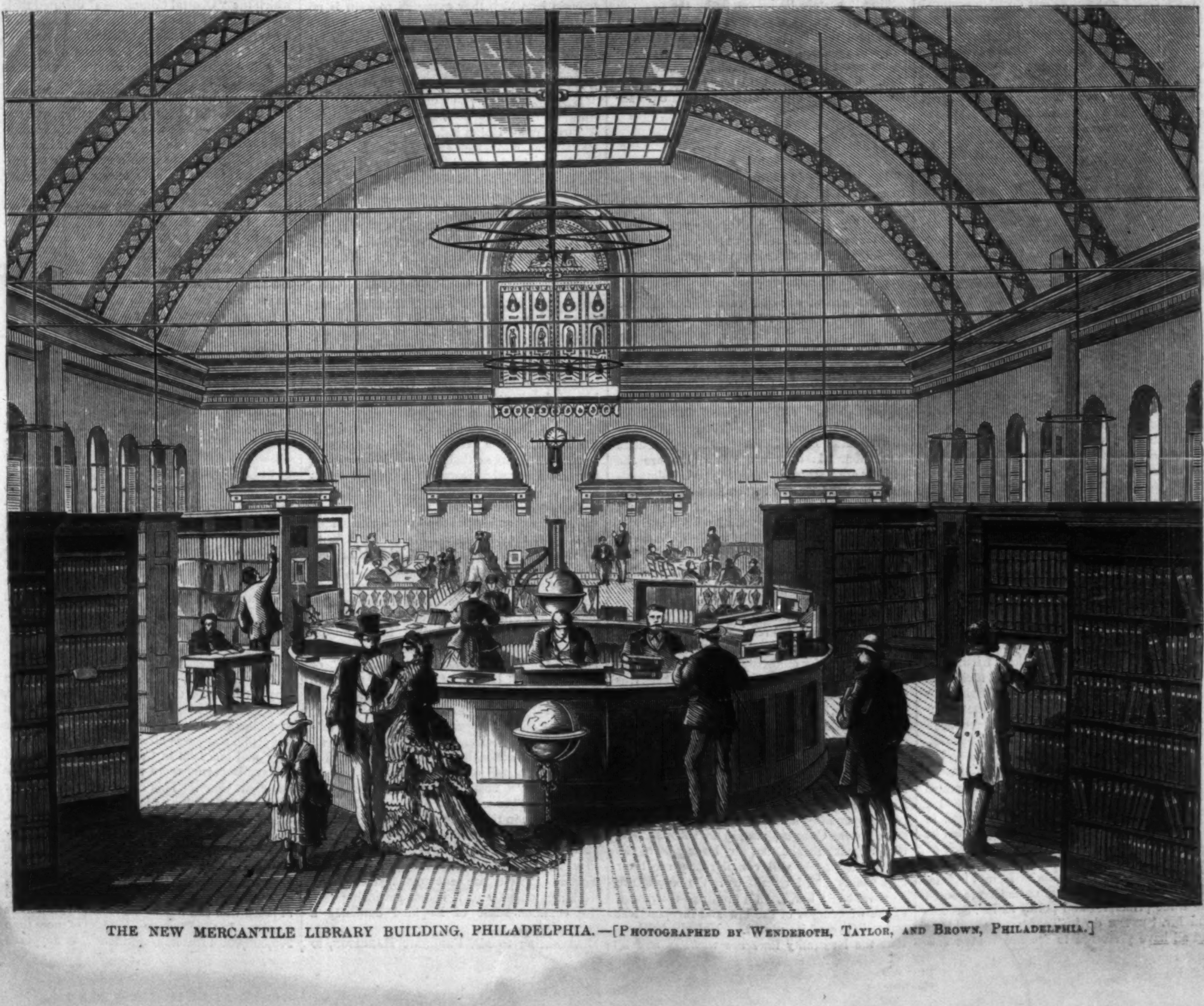
THE Mercantile Library of Philadelphia, having outgrown its quarters on Fifth Street, below Chestnut, has been removed to a large building on Tenth Street, above Chestnut.

The new premises were inaugurated on July 15, with speeches from the President, T. MORRIS PEROT, Esq., BENJAMIN H. BREWSTER, Esq., and others.

Members and visitors have free access to the books. The amount of loss to the property of the Company is found to be very inconsiderable under this system—far less than would be represented by the expense of hiring clerks to wait upon the public.

In a circular issued by the President of the Company it is stated that the library contains about 50,000 volumes, and is constantly receiving accessions of new American and foreign works; and in order more fully to supply the wants of readers, many copies of popular books are procured; and there is in successful operation a system by which, for a small sum, books are delivered at the residence of members.

The reading-rooms, located in a secluded part of the building, are spacious and convenient, and are furnished with about 150 reviews, magazines, and papers. They offer advantages for reading



THE NEW MERCANTILE LIBRARY BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WENDEROTH, TAYLOR, AND BROWN, PHILADELPHIA.]

and quiet study such as never could be enjoyed at the old building, and such as are seldom found in institutions of this kind.

The newspaper-room, which occupies the second story, and is wholly separated from the library proper, is supplied with nearly 200 newspapers (American and foreign), representing all political and commercial interests. The chess-room, in the second story of the building, is furnished with twenty-four tables.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 14, 1869.

TENNESSEE AND MISSISSIPPI.

The Republican party at its last National Convention declared that it favored "the removal of the disqualifications and restrictions imposed upon the late rebels……as may be consistent with the safety of the loyal people." This is a plain statement of what the tendency of the party policy should be. It is no more than that, because it is impossible to provide an exact rule for determining when and where and how far disloyalty is disappearing. Undoubtedly the total disfranchisement of a multitude of intelligent voters is a cause of constant irritation and disaffection; but it does not, therefore, follow that a universal political restoration would be wise, because the peril of giving disaffected persons lawful control of a government may be much greater than that of disfranchisement. The question at any time, and in any State, is wholly one of expediency, and it is peculiarly so in the unreconstructed States of the Union.

But the policy of reconstruction, of which the suffrage of the freedmen is so vital a point, evidently contemplates a rapid political restoration of the whole disaffected population of those States. It was felt that a long disfranchisement of the late dominant class would be impolitic, and yet that their resumption of political privileges would be dangerous. As a matter of high expediency, therefore, as well as of justice, the colored citizens were enfranchised; the loyalty of the new vote being properly expected to nullify the possible peril of the old. The fact has thus far justified the wisdom of the radical system of reconstruction. Nor is it easy to see in what other way the complicated difficulties of the situation could have been so readily adjusted. The happy working of the system was so clearly seen by the Convention that nominated General Grant that it did not hesitate to pronounce, in the words that we have quoted, for the speediest possible removal of disabilities.

It was not, however, surprising that in the States themselves there should have been very warm and serious differences. The bitter local and personal hostilities of the war, envenomed by many of the events that immediately succeeded, and by the conduct of Andrew Johnson, prevented unanimity of sentiment among professed loyal men, so that a division of the loyal party was probable, and has occurred. This division also was determined by the very question we are considering—that of immediate political restoration. In Virginia the late election turned upon the point of entire amnesty, and the result there has undoubtedly settled the question in the other States where it is not yet formally determined. Indeed, the position of the party at large, and the tendency of public opinion generally, had virtually decided it; and even in Virginia Mr. Wells was understood to have conceded the necessity of amnesty. In the uncertainty, however, enough Republicans voted for Mr. Walker to elect him, and the Fifteenth Amendment has been secured, with general amnesty.

There is now really no reason for farther division in the Republican party of the unreconstructed States; and those who act with its opponents, and thus conspire to weaken the party and the Administration, should be very suspiciously watched. Thus, in Tennessee, there is a fierce contest in the party. Neither of the candidates was regularly nominated, and there is apparently very little to choose between them politically, as neither were original Union men. Nor is there any essential difference between the platforms, as both declare for amnesty. Under these circumstances, and at a distance from the scene of the contest, it seems to us that the sympathies of Republicans elsewhere naturally incline to the candidate who is supported by the great body of their friends, as against him who is sustained by all their enemies. If the friends of Mr. Stokes declare for amnesty, and heartily support all the other measures of the party, why should a Republican elsewhere rejoice in the favorable prospects of Mr. Senter, who also declares for amnesty, but who, if successful, must be elected by the votes of those who as heartily oppose the measures of the party? In other words, why should a Republican wish to see his party succeed in Tennessee by the votes of its enemies when he knows that their object is not the triumph of Republican principles? Does he fear the Greeks less because they bring gifts? If, in Virginia, Mr. Walker and Mr. Wells had represented the same principles and policy as Mr. Stokes and Mr. Senter do in Tennessee, should we not all have preferred to see Mr. Wells succeed by the Republican vote rather than Mr. Walker by that of our opponents?

The question is still more emphatic in Mississippi. In that State the Republican party is well organized and harmonious, and it is supported by a larger proportion of native white men than in most of the Southern States. The Republican platform is liberal and wise, declaring against proscription and disfranchisement, and favoring universal suffrage and universal amnesty. There are a very few, and only a very few, Republicans who have withdrawn to ally themselves with the Democrats in a movement called "Conservative" Republicanism. This alliance has nominated Judge Dent for Governor, whose claim to be considered a citizen of the State consists, as we understand, in the fact that, in 1866, he occupied an abandoned plantation in Coahoma County; but, his enterprise proving unsuccessful, he left the State at the close of the year. His nomination, like the alliance, would seem to be a device of the enemy to conquer under other colors than their own. But can any body give any good reason for withdrawing national Republican sympathy from the Mississippi Republican party, which stands firmly upon the national platform? Certainly Judge Dent's letter offers no reason. If he could have truly said that those whom his candidacy opposes advocate a restrictive and vindictive policy, he might have shown the wisdom of supporting his nomination. But he could not do it, and of course he did not attempt it. It was probably supposed that as Judge Dent is a relative of the President, and as Walker's election in Virginia was called a triumph of the President's policy, his candidacy would be regarded as representing the same principles, and as involving the sympathy and support of the Administration.

The circumstances, however, being absolutely different, we warn our friends in Mississippi that the resemblance must not be assumed. The President of the United States is not likely publicly to declare himself upon the subject, nor should we wish him to do so. His sympathy, however, naturally belongs to those who maintain the principles upon which he was elected, including that generous disposition which the Chicago platform expressly asserts. And who maintain those principles in Mississippi? Those who would have voted for Mr. Seymour, and who denounce the whole policy of reconstruction, or those whose votes were sure for Grant and equal rights? It seems plain that the national Republican press should distinctly sustain by its sympathy the party in Mississippi which has proved its faith in the principles that it professes, which is not narrow and proscriptive, and which supports equal rights not from compulsion but from conviction. Our principles and our policy are certainly safer with our friends than with our enemies.

CUBAN AFFAIRS.

In speaking of Senator Sumner's opposition to any relaxation of neutrality in the Cuban question, the *Tribune* very truly remarks that the *Alabama* question has nothing to do with it. Our neutral duties do not depend upon the *Alabama* claims. The *Tribune* also says: "We do not suppose, however, that the Senator desires the inference to be drawn that merely for a selfish aim of our own we should sacrifice a struggling cause." We venture to speak in this instance for the Senator, and to answer, certainly not. But if the faithful observance of neutrality sacrifices a struggling cause which ought to succeed, our duty is evident—we ought to recognize the belligerence or the independence of Cuba. The question of Cuban independence, however, is very different from that of the relation of the United States to the Cuban revolution. It does not follow, because the Cubans are justified in asserting their independence, that the United States authorities would be justified in evading the laws of the country to help them. And this point has been curiously confused throughout the whole Cuban discussion; and those who have denounced the President for not privately instructing his deputies to connive at the violation of honorable laws which he was sworn to execute have certainly a very remarkable conception of official honor and of national rectitude.

If, instead of reviling the officers of the United States for enforcing the laws, the Cuban Junta had been advised to confine themselves wholly to securing the recognition of Cuban belligerence, we are not sure that they might not have succeeded. But they have been advised that the sympathy of the people was such that the Neutrality laws could not be enforced, and that they might make war from the United States. It was bad advice, for two reasons. In the first place, the extent and the character of the sympathy have been erroneously represented to the Cubans; and, in the second place, it is a great mistake that any large part of the American people will complacently see their laws openly defied, except, as in the case of the Fugitive Slave law, from a profound conviction of the wickedness of the law and the practical impossibility of its repeal. Nobody believes that the Neutrality laws are wicked; and if their operation is ever likely to sacrifice a just cause, the remedy is immediate.

The dispersion of the Ryan expedition seems to have settled, at least for the present, the question of warlike movements from this port. Meanwhile the news from Cuba is as unsatisfactorily vague as ever. But the situation apparently remains substantially unchanged. The essential reasonableness of the revolution, however, and the prolongation of the struggle, have led to various propositions of a peaceful solution. One of these is, that Cuba shall buy itself, with the United States as indorser—and, we presume, broker. This last is the important point of the proposition.

If the United States proposes merely to guarantee to Spain the purchase-money, upon condition that Spain will sell, the affair is simple enough. But we presume that, as a preliminary, Spain would require that arms should be laid aside, that her new policy for the island should be announced and understood, and that an honest vote should be taken.

But would the United States be content to make the proposition merely, and politely withdraw if Spain should reply that it was not inclined to the bargain? Or would the envoy suggest peculiar reasons for compliance, reasons that are obvious enough? And if he should, what would the whole proceeding be but a more carefully veiled Ostend policy? If the United States say to Spain, "We shall be glad to guarantee the terms that the Cubans may propose"—very well. But if the United States say, "If you don't accept the terms, and us as security, we must really acknowledge the belligerence or the independence of Cuba," it would be a very courteous, but a very unmistakable coercion.

Of course the result is evident. Cuba has no ready money. If the bargain is made the United States would advance the money. Cuba would be virtually mortgaged to the United States as security, and on some not distant day Cuba would be annexed to satisfy the mortgage. The grandeur and magnanimity of such a scheme are not apparent. It would, indeed, be magnanimous for Spain to concede the independence of Cuba. It would be a magnanimity unprecedented in history. It would also be becoming in the United States to propose such a concession in the interest of justice and peace, provided it carefully refrained from annexation afterward. It would also be a good thing to save bloodshed by the paying of money, and, of course, by guaranteeing its payment. But that the United States should be the broker of a bargain by which they expected to gain is no more a subject of rhetorical congratulation than that they paid sundry millions of dollars for Alaska.

THE ENGLISH TRADES-UNION BILL.

The Trades-Union bill, which is favored by Parliament, and which even the London *Times* welcomes, is the breaking of another feudal chain. It is simply an assertion of the freedom of bargains for labor. The state, which has renounced the folly of attempting to fix the price of other commodities, now agrees that it will not attempt to regulate that of labor. Combinations of labor are as lawful as those of capital. If, indeed, they become conspiracies to invade the rights of others, they may justly be suppressed, but not before. They may, in certain instances, be huge mistakes. They may react to the injury of the workman. But it is not the business of government to defend him against his blunders in political economy more than to furnish him bread. He must instruct himself by thought and experience, as he must feed himself by his industry.

By the present common-law of England, if the workmen of a factory agree to work only upon such terms as their body may determine, they are doing what is unlawful. Their agreement is void, and all that depends upon it. Therefore, if they form a mutual aid society, with sickness and burial funds, and with a fund to support them while waiting for their terms of work to be accepted, and the funds are stolen, they can not sue the thief. If those who have agreed not to work, except upon certain terms, attempt to hold their fellows to their engagement without any specific breach of law, they are liable to punishment for a misdemeanor. Then comes the statute law which punishes "intimidation," "molestation," or "obstruction," leaving those elastic terms to be interpreted by judicial authority; and that has already decided that the statute covers the following cases: respectful notice to an employer that his workmen will leave at the end of their contract, unless a certain workman is dismissed; to tell a workman that he will be considered "a black;" to shout, "Baa, baa, black sheep!" to workmen going to a shop; to tell a workman that if he goes to work "there will be a row;" coercion not extending to abusive language or gestures; a public notice to workmen not to engage with a particular master. These are exceptional crimes for workmen only; and it is not surprising that the common-sense of England demands a change.

According to Mr. Frederic Harrison, to whom we owe these facts, the present bill, which was prepared by Mr. Thomas Hughes and Mr. Mundella, asks no new law whatever. It merely proposes the removal of a bad old law. The ordinary law of assault remains untouched; and assault in law means to offer to do any bodily hurt, even by gesture, when the means of hurting are present; and an assault in pursuance of any conspiracy is still punishable by two years' imprisonment. The reform proposed, therefore, is twofold: it abolishes the interference of government in matters where it ought not to be felt, and it abolishes one form of class legislation. It is also a recognition of the Trades Unions, as entitled to the rights of all voluntary associations for legitimate purposes; and it is a renunciation of the right of government to regulate the methods by which those purposes shall be furthered, until the rights of others are actually infringed. It is, in fact, another of the measures by which radical changes are being peacefully accomplished in England.

POLITICS MADE EASY.

A lively gentleman in Buffalo, who signs himself "A Republican Office-holder," has written a letter upon the relation of office-holders to politics, which is very comical reading. "It is asking too much," he says, "of private citizens occupied by the cares of complicated business matters to be constantly attending to the details of political machinery. They do their duty when they give their sympathy, their money, and, at the proper time, their vote, and to others must be left the preliminary work." This is truly a labor-saving system. There are those, indeed, who suppose that the business of the custom-house and of the revenue officers is to collect the revenue, and of the United States marshals to execute the laws of the United States. But this excellent correspondent corrects their mistake. The persons, he informs us, who are appointed to collect the customs and assess the taxes are also to nominate candidates for office, and we "private citizens" are to vote for them and to pay all expenses.

Nothing could be easier—for the managers. Of course the office-holders would do it all for love. They would have no private axes to grind. They would select all the candidates for their ability and honesty, and without the slightest reference to their friendship for the office-holders. There would be no understandings, no arrangements, no rings. A system in which the "Central Committees" dictated their subordinates to the office-holders, and the office-holders nominated the candidates for the Committees, would be plainly free from every kind of collusion, and the public service in the mean while would be immensely benefited.

The correspondent complains that the city papers ridicule the "energy, organization, and disinterestedness of all who subordinately work to sustain the party in power." But if by these fine words be meant such a system as he proposes, what is ridicule for except to expose it? The "private citizens" attending to their business justly expect the custom-house and revenue officers to attend to theirs. If it is desirable to have a certain number of persons to manage politics, let them be devoted to that business. But the officers of the United States are employed for other duties. "A Republican Office-holder" writes in good faith, and does not seem conscious that he is proposing the most stupendous system of political corruption. He would reduce Mr. Marcy's "spoils" theory to a science.

In one thing, however, we fully agree with him. "A man," he says, "who holds a government office, and faithfully performs its duties, is as honorable as if he were working for any other employer." Undoubtedly; and when he leaves those duties to manage politics for the rest of us, he makes the faithful performance of his duties impossible. He is undoubtedly to take his part with his fellow-citizens in the government. But he may be very sure that the State of New York will never be "redeemed" if the mass of "private citizens" care no more for its welfare than to vote for candidates of whom they know nothing but that they are nominated by those who are selfishly interested in the success of the ticket.

COOLIES.

A coolie is a Chinese slave, bound for a longer or shorter time, and in February, 1862, Congress very properly forbade the importation of coolies from China. This was done because the coolie trade was already large and increasing; and one firm in California is understood to have imported more than 30,000 during the last eight years. This fact alone would go far to prove their value as laborers, which is, however, otherwise fully attested, the most interesting article upon the subject being one by Mr. Pumpelly in the *Galaxy* for July. The Chinese laborer, it appears by conclusive testimony, is industrious, docile, faithful, efficient, and works for small wages, as is to be expected of those who can live at home upon two dollars a year. In the Flowery Kingdom of more than 200,000,000 inhabitants, which it is supposed might be conquered by an army of 50,000 trained European soldiers skillfully led, there is, of course, an exhaustless supply of such laborers; and, as Mr. Adams well says, when we break down the Chinese wall to let ourselves in we let them out.

A person named Koopmanschaap, a Hollander by birth and a coolie contractor, was recently the lion of a day in New York, having previously been the hero of the Memphis Convention which assembled to devise means of supplying the Southern States with labor. The sentiment of the Convention seems to have been expressed by Mr. J. W. Clapp, who remarked that "the South" did not wish European laborers, as they wanted to own land, while, in his opinion, "the South" preferred labor that could be managed "as of old." In other words, he thought that "the South" wanted an ignorant, brutish, servile population of laborers, instead of intelligent, industrious, self-respecting workmen. Mr. Koopmanschaap was evidently the right man to gratify such a desire. In reply to the question of a reporter in New York, the coolie contractor said that in the Southern States "nothing but coerced labor will bring about prosperity." Mr. Koopmanschaap had apparently overlooked the law of which we spoke, and which forbids any citizen or foreign resident in this country to prepare any kind of vessel for the purpose of bringing coolies "to be disposed of, or sold, or transferred, for any term of years or for any time whatever, as servants or apprentices, or to be held to service or labor." Of course the law does not forbid free and voluntary emigration.

The inducements for honest emigration to this country are so palpable and persuasive, the flood is always sure to be so large, and the difficulties incident to a rapid increase of the resident foreign population in the present circumstances of the country are so evident, that nothing is more imperative than the prevention of this illicit emigration. America has an endless welcome for the industrious laborer who comes hither to secure larger opportunities for himself and his children, but no country welcomes an inundation of foreign barbarism. Nothing, indeed, can be more absurd or more characteristic than the resolutions of the Democratic Convention in California virtually denouncing the Chinese laborers who have been brought here; for they are innocent, and the resolutions merely stimulate a local hostility already enough inflamed. Besides, the Chinese movement has begun, and will not be stayed. The wise course is to restrain it within its natural limits by rigidly preventing the opening of a new slave-trade under the name of encouraging emigration.

Meanwhile any artificial and immense increase of a population in the Southern States which, as Mr. Koopmanschaap remarks, must supplant the colored laborers, with the probable annexation of Cuba and a million and a half of Spanish creoles and slaves, opens a prospect which need dismay no one, but which is not necessarily delightful. It is not the number of the population but its quality that makes a great nation; nor do abundant labor and cheap wages announce an imminent millennium. The power of assimilation of a nation like ours is indeed immense; and all that can be asked is that it be reasonably treated.

FALL TRADE.

Importers and jobbers are now removing from the floors their spring goods, and those for the fall are taking their place. The total imports for the month of July of dry-goods amount to nearly eight millions of dollars as against about seven millions for July of last year. Of last month's importation about three-eighths were entered for warehousing and the balance for consumption. The importations of dry-goods for the first seven months of the year amount to about fifty-seven and a half millions as against nearly forty-five millions for 1868. These values are estimated in gold, exclusive of freight and duty, which probably amount to about sixty-five per cent. It will be seen, therefore, that a deficiency in imported dry-goods—a large proportion of which is sent here on foreign account—can not be expected.

No deficiency is looked for in the quantity of domestic dry-goods, with the exception, perhaps, of cotton fabrics, which are held firmly on account of the low stocks of raw cotton both here and abroad. The stock of cloths is increasing again, although some of the manufacturers continue on short time; but as the new crop will begin to come forward in October, it is supposed that work will be generally resumed in the fall. Cotton came forward last year late in September, but crops generally are not as early as they were then.

The cable telegram of July 30 states that the "Cotton Supply Association have adopted a resolution looking to the speedy development of railways in India in order to facilitate the exportation of cotton from that country. This course was taken in consequence of the insufficiency of the supply from the United States. The stock of American cotton is not large enough to keep the mills of Lancashire fully engaged."

As the Cotton Supply Association is voluntary and unofficial, the adoption of a resolution for the development of railways would amount to no more than a recommendation on the subject. It is the India Board which must act upon the question before any thing effectual can be done. We have from time to time given accounts of the proceedings of the Cotton Supply and other private associations; and although they possess great interest, and perhaps may be relied upon to show a present deficiency in the quantity of raw cotton necessary for the manufacturing establishments of the world, their action does not deserve to be telegraphed over the United States, and may be attributed to cotton speculations.

Whether or not the price for our cotton fabrics will be maintained depends upon the time at which the fall trade will be active. If activity shall not commence till late in August the market is almost certain to be, as the dealers express it, "soft;" but there are indications of an earlier and a considerable demand. The crops over the United States are tolerably good, and there is no apprehension of any important change in the money market. Money, however, is not abundant among the farmers, and they seem disposed to exercise a corresponding economy.

The reason for this closeness in money is very apparent. The Southern people have taken away a large amount of legal tenders—the profits of their cotton crop for 1868–69; and as this crop has produced a substantial addition to their wealth, the money will be retained to answer the numerous purposes of their improved situation. They will be the purchasers in our market for the numerous articles required on their plantations; and their strength will contribute to that of the whole country, and will be hailed with real satisfaction.

The progress of the English in aiding the cultivation of cotton in India, by providing railroads for its export, can not be effectual for several years; and it may therefore be assumed that the Southern planters will enjoy remunerating prices for raw cotton.

We have endeavored to show that the true policy of the English is to abandon their attempts to add to the quantity in India, and to rely more, if not mainly, upon this country, on the ground that the climate of India is not perfectly adapted to the purpose, while that of the Southern States is exactly what the cultivation requires; and it would be competent for the South, but for the anxiety produced by opposition, to grow enough of the raw material to supply the mills of the world, and, when cultivated to this extent, competition would insure reasonable prices.

The efforts of the English in thus encouraging India, founded as they unquestionably are on a supposed insufficient supply, justify the South in proceeding with this culture to an increased extent, as it is not probable that the time will soon be reached when the quantity will be much above the wants of the world. Not only with respect to cotton, but also as to grain, the English expect that the producer will meet them in the Liverpool and London markets, and they feel so outraged at having to seek and pay liberally this year for cotton that they are making unusual, but they will be fruitless, efforts to produce enough in India to enable them to command the whole market.

The reduction of the rate of interest to 3 per cent. by the Bank of England is an indication that business has not resumed sufficient activity to employ the bulk of the capital at home, and inasmuch as the crops of grain are not promising, and manufacturing industry, particularly in cotton goods, is not profitable, the resumption of business on a scale to require an inconvenient amount of gold from this country may not happen in time to interfere with the fall trade. A considerable amount of our bonds was taken abroad on the last days of July, and the exchange was sold by cable transfers.

The movements of Mr. Boutwell have given improved standing to our securities in foreign markets, and they have reached the highest quotations known since the war. But the large imports made by us show that the proceeds are applied to what we consume; and the result will be, that, instead of imparting strength, we shall presently be obliged to ship more specie than would otherwise be required. It is exceedingly difficult, so long as we have a much larger amount of paper-money in proportion to the number of our population than any commercial nation permits, or than we had before the war, to have any substantial advantage from the sale of our securities in foreign markets—such is the extravagance which attends excessive issues of paper. But yet a contemporary urges in a mercantile journal that gold and silver shall hereafter be treated merely as articles of commerce; and that paper-money, not redeemable in the precious metals, but convertible into bonds and the bonds into them, shall constitute the sole money of the United States. No greater delusion than that paper-money not instantly redeemable in coin can be permanently relied upon was ever indulged in, but yet the policy has had its advocates ever since the time of Law and his grand speculations, which involved thousands in ruin. There being no probability of the adoption of this monstrous scheme, the trade of the country will not be affected by the proposition.

It would appear, therefore, that we enter upon the fall trade without any serious embarrassments present or immediate, foreign or domestic, and with the advantage which results from the promise of reasonable crops in all parts of the Union.

NOTES.

The French cable has been landed at Duxbury, with a modest salvo of speeches, and the President and the Emperor have exchanged congratulations. The message of his Majesty, whose other enterprises upon this continent, such as the dissolution of the Union and the Mexican empire, have woefully miscarried, was very formal. The response of the President was cordial and becoming, containing a courteous allusion to the liberal policy of the United States in permitting the landing. That liberal policy is reciprocity; and we trust that, if the Emperor does not modify the monopoly which he or his legislature has granted to the managers of the cable, this enterprise also will miscarry. It is very desirable to have another cable to Europe, but it is still more desirable not to have it upon disastrous terms.

Sir Charles W. Dilke has presented the petition of 25,000 women to Parliament asking for the franchise. This, however, is not the whole number of Englishwomen, and we presume therefore that it will have no weight with those who are willing to do something whenever "the women themselves" wish it and ask for it. If in the ancient days Mr. Sumner had presented the petition of 25,000 slaves asking for their personal freedom the Senate would not have granted its prayer, but the fact would have been very imposing and significant; and if next December Mr. Jenckes should present the petition of 25,000 citizens asking for a reform in the Civil Service it could not be said that the country demanded it, but it would be a very decided symptom. Let us hope that those who are waiting for the women to ask will see in the petition of 25,000 women at least the parting of the lips preparatory to the question.

Great railway companies will of course continue to roast passengers at their pleasure, but does a citizen lose all rights whatever merely because he pays a round sum for his transportation by rail? Are we not only to be mangled and fractured and roasted, but must our families also be deprived of all knowledge of our murder? A correspondent of the *Times* asserts that two dispatches addressed to Mrs. Halleck, the widow of one of the victims at the late Mast Hope massacre upon the Erie Road, were not even forwarded. The *Times* remarks that it has heard before of similar incidents upon the same road, and adds that it is always difficult to get a telegraphic message sent from any point where an accident has occurred. This is both outrageous and amusing. It is an outrage that a company should try to conceal the accident, but it is even more amusing that the public should submit to it. We shall be surprised and consider it quite unbecoming the enterprise of the direction of the Erie Road, which Governor Hoffman has, with characteristic "Democracy," continued in office for a term for which they were not elected, if they do not vindicate their independence of common humanity still further. Let them arrange to roast ten passengers a week upon the celebrated Delaware Division—the *via mala* of the road—and then require the survivors at the end of the journey, under pain of a similar fate, to sign a certificate expressing their admiration of the scrupulous care, intelligence, and honesty with which the road is managed. There is no reason whatever to suppose that it would not be done. A public which patiently submits to the burning of travelers alive will hardly object to exonerating their executioners.

We read with great edification the discussion in the Convention of Christian Young Men at Portland upon the question of the Christianity of Unitarians; and we observed that, after settling that point, the Convention appointed among the chief officers of the Association Mr. Frank W. Ballard, of New York. It was the next day, we believe, that the sad and surprising announcement of his defalcation was published; and then came the astonishing statement that he had lost the $63,000 in stock speculations, *but* had appropriated nothing to his private use, and that he was "at his home in Connecticut, and, *it is said*, is deeply mortified at the position in which he finds himself." This is too melancholy for comedy; but we presume the facts have already suggested to the intelligent members of the Convention a suspicion that it is hardly worth while to pronounce upon the religious character of strangers when they may be so profoundly mistaken in that of members of their own household. For we shall not accuse them of trusting the old plea that the crimes of the Pope were the offenses of the man and not of the Holy Father. They will not have forgotten the trenchant reply.

The Board of Education in this city have received and are considering a very important report from Mr. Magnus Gross upon the ventilation of the public schools. Mr. Gross is a gentleman who is able to express positive convictions in the most unmistakable language, as those know who, in the Constitutional Convention, heard his plea for equal suffrage, and his denunciation of the Metropolitan police when executing the Excise Law. Mr. Gross recently defended classical studies in the College of the City of New York against the vehement assault of Mr. Nathaniel Sands; and whatever he undertakes he executes with energy, ability, and intelligence. Mr. Gross protests against the suffocation of the children in the public schools, and all honest citizens will sustain him. Most of our halls are pest-houses in this respect, and it is shameful that we should compel children to sit for hours in a poisonous atmosphere. The case needs no argument, and the Board of Education could no more satisfactorily prove its efficiency than by radically reforming this evil. If, however, it should not be reformed, we hope that Mr. Gross will report to the public.

How the heart warms to a hero! And although, as Mr. White tells us in his "Age of Burlesque," it is the fashion not to express emotion, we defy any one not to exclaim with admiration when he sees, not in famous verse but in the blurred small type of a newspaper, the description of an incident that recently occurred near Malone, in New York, upon the Ogdensburg Railroad. The train was coming on at full speed when the engineer saw a child of two years upon the track. He sounded the whistle for the brakes, and the mother ran screaming to save her child; but the fireman, W. Lavanway, seeing that she would be too late jumped from the locomotive, and running ahead, snatched the little one from the track just as the locomotive was about to crush him.

In Mr. White's article, of which we just spoke, he calls the London *Saturday Review* "the greatest literary power among English-speaking men." His assertion upon such a subject is certainly very weighty; but we doubt if it would be generally accepted as true by the best judges in this country. Whether he means that its criticisms are more feared, in the manner of the old *Blackwood*, or more influential, we should think his verdict might be successfully disputed. There is, indeed, a certain sparkling persiflage in the tone of the *Saturday Review* as well as great knowledge and evident culture in many of its articles; but we are very sure that any really eminent American author would much more dread the censure and enjoy the praise of the *Fortnightly Review*, for instance, which speaks to a smaller audience, but expresses the thought that really moulds the England of to-day.

The Pennsylvania Registry law has been sustained by the court of last resort, to the great satisfaction of all who honestly wish to do something to secure the purity of the ballot-box. Judge Sharswood opposed it upon the ground that it destroyed the freedom and equality of elections, which the State Constitution guarantees. Judge Agnew conclusively disposed of this shallow subterfuge by asking to whom are the elections free? "They are free only to the qualified electors of the Commonwealth; clearly they are not free to the unqualified......It is the duty of the Legislature to secure freedom and equality by such regulations as will exclude the unqualified and allow the qualified only to vote." Judge Agnew then adds, in words that have pungent meaning in Pennsylvania and New York, and for which every good citizen in the land will thank him:

> "It is true there is a kind of liberty this Registry law will destroy. It is that licentiousness, that adulterous freedom which surrenders the polls to hirelings and vagabonds, outcasts from home and honest industry, men without citizenship or a stake in the government, men who will commit perjury, violence, or murder itself."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A terrible accident occurred on the Memphis and Louisville Railroad at a point eight miles from Clarksville, Tennessee, July 28. In crossing the bridge or trestle over Rudd's Creek, the greater part of the structure gave way. The entire train was precipitated into the bed of the creek from an altitude of about thirty feet. Four persons were killed outright, and from forty to fifty were more or less seriously injured. The train consisted of locomotive, caboose, express and baggage car, two passenger coaches, and one sleeping-car, all of which were dashed almost to splinters, and afterward, with the exception of the sleeping-car, entirely destroyed by fire. The loss of property amounted to $300,000.

Hon. Isaac Toucey died at Hartford on the morning of July 30.

On July 26 a severe earthquake shock was experienced at Memphis, Tennessee, accompanied by a meteoric shower.

The farms along the entire breadth of the valleys of the Colorado, Brazos, and Guadaloupe Rivers, in Texas, have been entirely swept away by the recent floods. The estimated damage on the Colorado alone is $3,000,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

We learn from Liverpool that the Cotton Supply Association have adopted a resolution looking to the speedy development of railways in India, in order to facilitate the exportation of cotton from that country. This course was taken in consequence of the insufficiency of the supply from the United States. The stock of American cotton is not large enough to keep the mills of Lancashire fully engaged.

James Gordon Bennett, Jun., has been elected a member of the Royal Yacht Club.

A man has recently committed suicide in England, upon whose body were found securities stolen from the Ocean Bank.

The Irish Church bill has been signed by Queen Victoria, and has thus become a law.

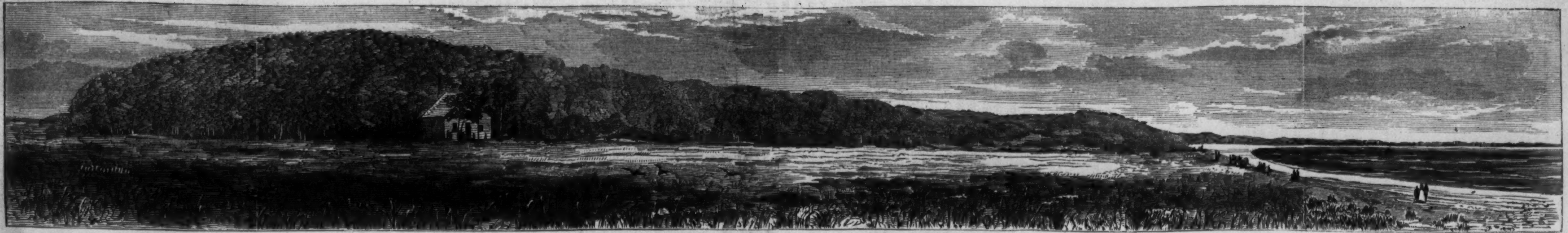
The University of Oxford has conferred upon Henry W. Longfellow the degree of Doctor of Laws.

The British House of Commons has refused to abolish the death-penalty.

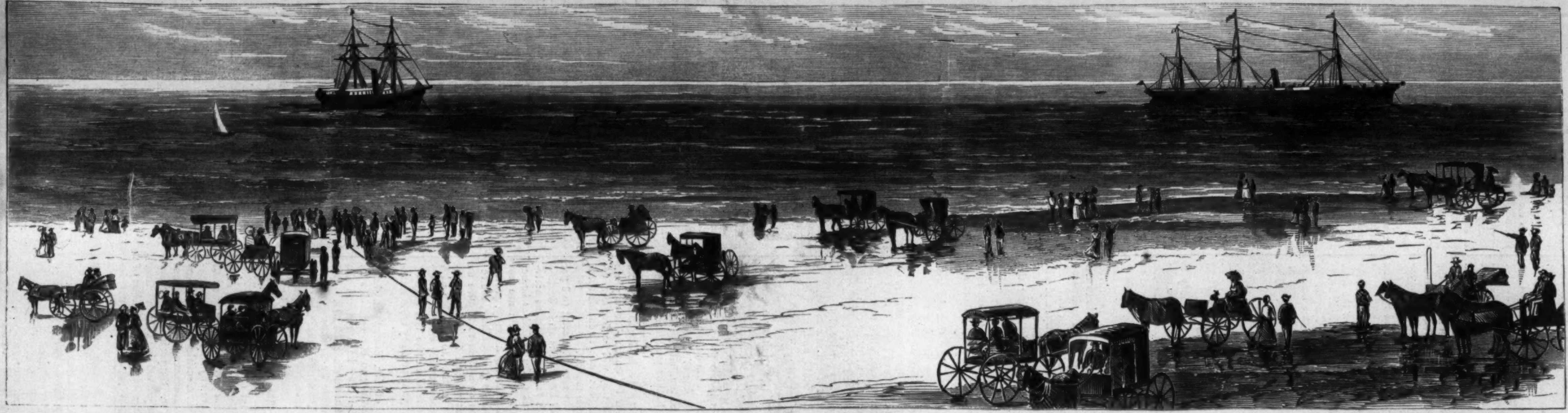
All Spaniards between the ages of fifteen and sixty in the jurisdiction of Trinidad, Cuba, have been ordered to duty by the Governor. Those fit for active service are to be sent to the field or placed in the reserve corps, and those unfit are to garrison the towns.

A French paper, the *Patrie*, states that the political reforms soon to be proposed to the Senate will be more liberal than the Emperor's message to the Corps Legislatif intimated. Among other changes, it is thought that the sittings of the Senate will be made public.

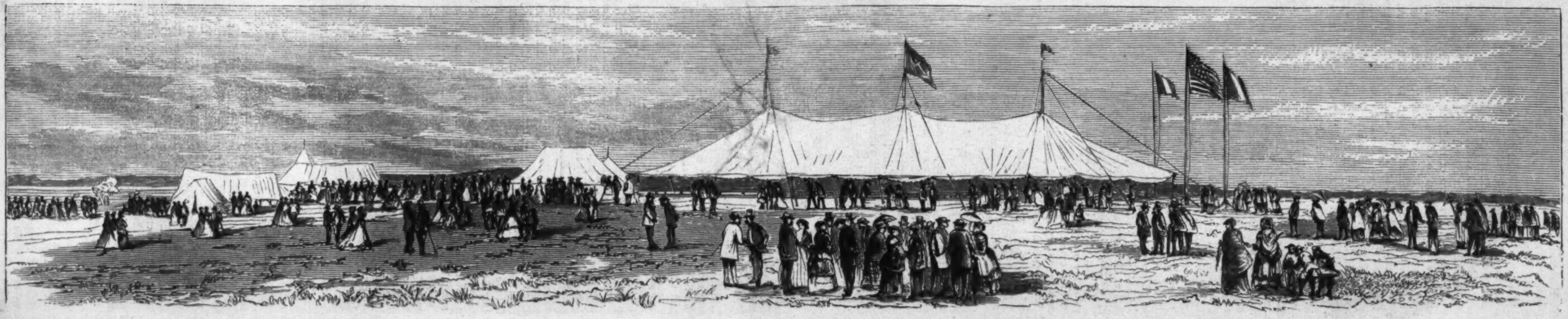
The estimates for the cost of the Spanish Government in Cuba during the month of August have been fixed at $2,200,000.



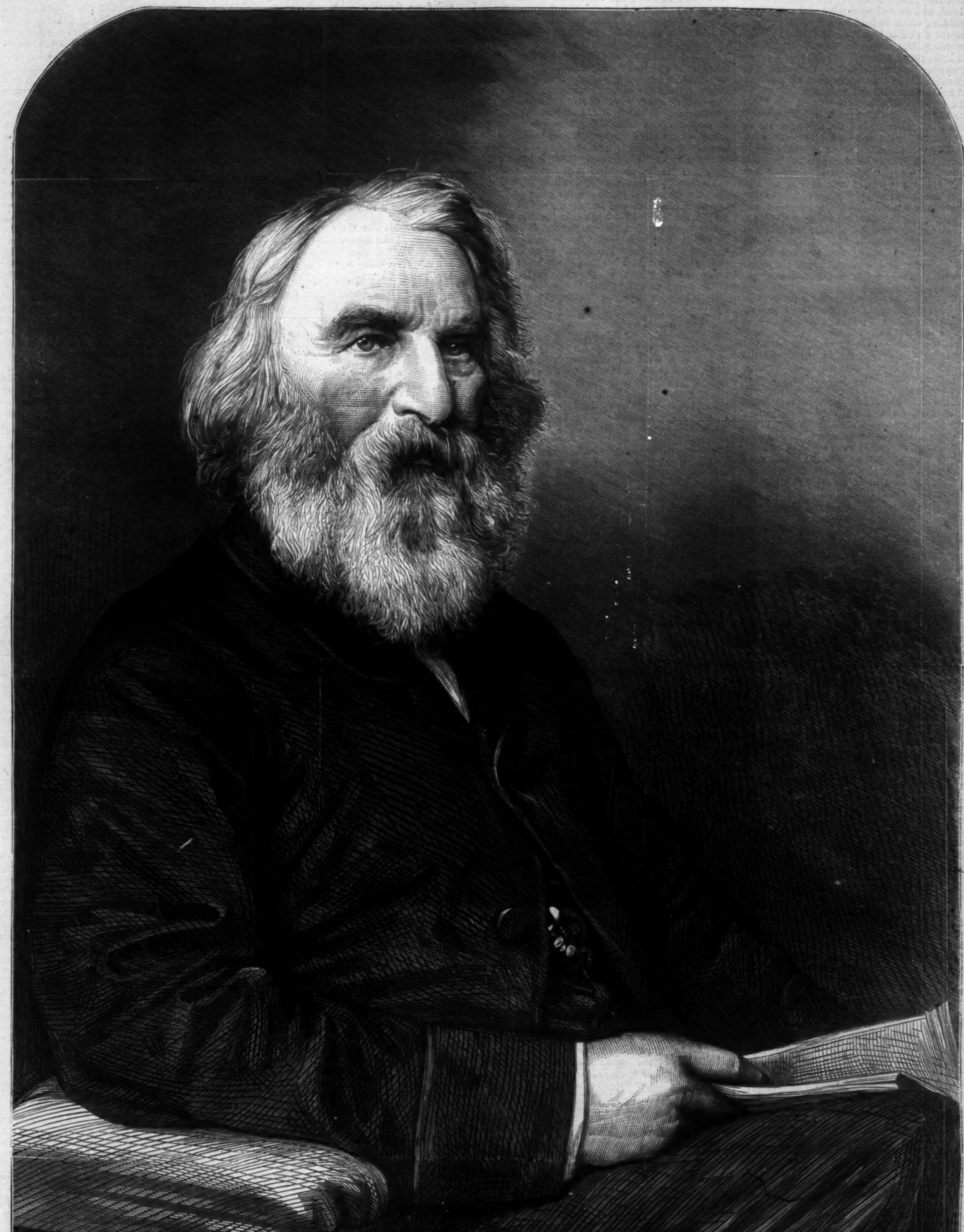
CABLE HOUSE, ROUSE'S HUMMOCK, DUXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHIPPLE.]



LANDING OF THE FRENCH CABLE AT DUXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHIPPLE.]



CELEBRATION OF THE COMPLETION OF THE FRENCH CABLE AT DUXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN A. WHIPPLE, 297 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 519.]



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Now that Longfellow—the most popular of American poets—is in England, the question is naturally asked, What do Englishmen think of him? In reply it may be said that Longfellow is, in England, more popular than Tennyson. It is also true that Tennyson is more popular in this country than Longfellow. This seems strange at the first glance; but the reason is obvious. Longfellow's poems are cheaper in England than here; and Tennyson's may be bought here at a nominal price as compared with their cost to the English reader. Is there not here a strong argument against an international copyright, which would exclude both Tennyson and Longfellow from the poorest classes?

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He is now, therefore, nearly sixty-three years old. His father, the Hon. Stephen Longfellow, was an eminent lawyer. He entered Bowdoin College at the early age of fourteen, and during his course he gave evidence of those abilities which have given him such high distinction both as a scholar and a poet. Among his productions at this period may be mentioned his "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns," "The Spirit of Poetry," "The Woods in Winter," and "Sunrise on the Hills." After his graduation he seems to have had some vague idea of adopting the legal profession. But a more congenial occupation offered. He was appointed Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Bowdoin College, with the privilege of residing some years abroad. In 1826 he sailed for Europe, and during that and the two following years he made a tour through France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. He returned home in 1830, and entered upon the duties of his Professorship, which he held for five years, when he accepted a similar position in Harvard College, succeeding Mr. **George Ticknor**. He, in 1835 and 1836, made another European tour through Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland. In 1854 he resigned his position, and has since resided at Cambridge.

In 1835 he published his "Outre-mer," followed by "Hyperion," in 1839. His "Voices of the Night," published in 1839, first gave him an extended reputation as a poet. These were followed by "Ballads, and Other Poems" (1841); "Poems on Slavery" (1842); "The Spanish Student" (1843); "Poets and Poetry of Europe" (1845); "The Belfry of Bruges, and Other Poems" (1846); "Evangeline" (1847); "Kavanagh," a novel (1849); "Seaside and Fireside" (1850); "The Golden Legend" (1851); "The Song of Hiawatha" (1855); "The Courtship of Miles Standish" (1858); "The Wayside Inn" (1863); and "The New England Tragedies" (1868). Besides these, a number of poems from his pen were scattered over numerous periodicals.

The tendency of **Longfellow**'s poetry, like that of **Goethe**, is for the most part objective, dealing with things of real existence, or such as may be conceived to exist outside of the poet's mind; it is therefore healthy and cheerful. We all know "The Village Blacksmith;" and the man who hears it well sung may feel himself a stronger and happier man than before. This is what the genuine poet can do for mankind—to create, and to impress forever upon that memory of the heart, which is called imagination, some true type of our common humanity, in the recognition of which we forget and forgive each private grief, as we feel "the whole world kin." Who can not sympathize with the blacksmith? We see him bravely standing at his forge, "week in, week out, from morn till night;" and, with his heavy hammer, beating on the anvil, in a storm of sound and flame and flying sparks, to shape the work of his life:

> "His brow is wet with honest sweat,
> He earns whate'er he can;
> And he looks the whole world in the face,
> For he owes not any man!"

We see him again on the Sunday morning, in the gallery at church, with his boys; "he hears the parson pray and preach," but he also hears his little daughter in the choir, "singing with her mother's voice;" and the blacksmith's hard, rough hand wipes a tear of sweet sorrow from his honest eyes:

> "Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
> Onward through life he goes;
> Each morning sees some task begun,
> Each evening sees it close;
> Something attempted, something done,
> Has earned the night's repose!"

In his discursive prose essays and romances, "Hyperion" and "Outre-mer," we may observe his ubiquitous scholarship of the different European languages and their legends. The Rhineland and the old cities of Germany; the old provinces of France, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Spain, and Italy; Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, including Iceland, are made the alternate homes of his traveling Muse. She nevertheless comes faithfully back to Massachusetts, and there sits down to relate some characteristic tale of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Puritans of the old colonial time, or the sturdy patriots of the American Revolution. The educated New Englander is thus a cosmopolitan, or complete humanist, in his range of intellectual sympathies. Mr. **Longfellow** is, indeed, as one might say, an omnivorous translator of foreign poetry and adapter of foreign themes. These versatile performances do not much concern our estimate of his merits as an original poet. His versions from the French, German, and Italian are usually both more accurate and more graceful than any versions of the same texts by another hand.

In that unique mythological epic of the North American Indian heroic age, the romantic poem of "Hiawatha," with its masterly appropriation of a large store of ethnological learning, he has produced a charming poem and an instructive monument of human life. The first reading is seldom quite satisfactory. One is teased by the multitude of queer, outlandish names; the frequent repetition of phrases and epithets, as in Homer; and the peculiar versification, an unrhymed octosyllabic chant, which resembles, in its lilting strain, the rude metrical compositions of the old Anglo-Saxon form of our language. But we soon become aware, upon a second reading, that the rhythmic cadences of "Hiawatha," when run lightly and trippingly off the tongue, are perfectly musical; the strange words are explained by their immediate context; while the air of more than rustic, more than boyish simplicity, given by the artless mention of so many unessential details, is found at last not more wearisome than in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" of the immortal Greek. The poet who speaks to us here is not the highly educated Professor of Harvard University, but the unlettered Indian singer **Nawadaha**, dwelling in the Vale of Tawasentha, and warbling "his native wood-notes wild" as freely as those he heard from the birds of the forest primeval, or in the moorlands and the fenlands, and on the shores of the Great Lakes:

> "Whence these legends and traditions,
> With the odors of the forest,
> With the dew and damp of meadows,
> With the curling smoke of wigwams,
> With the rushing of great rivers,
> With their wild reverberations,
> As of thunder in the mountains?"

In order to enjoy this noble poem we must exert the active faculty of imagination. We must try to feel in ourselves what the poor savage Ojibbeways and Dacotahs must have felt, supposing them to have really been favored by divine appointment with an inspired chief of their race; a demi-god, a son of the west wind, sent to be their leader and teacher; one accredited by miraculous signs and gifts of power, and enlightened by a special revelation of heavenly wisdom. Such is Hiawatha; the bravest, kindest, strongest, and cleverest of men; the best of friends, the best of lovers and husbands, the darling of Nature; the comrade of all living creatures, talking with every beast and bird; the valiant champion, the mighty hunter, the inventive craftsman; the author of laws and learning, of arts and manners; yet still a mortal, heir to all human sorrows; and doomed to vanish mysteriously from among his people when he had welcomed the advent of the first Christian civilizing mission.

The story of "Evangeline," belonging to the history of the French colonists in Nova Scotia, has a gentle pathetic interest, which tends, with the refined purity of sentiment, the grace of innocent maidenhood, and harmless, guileless rural life, the tender affections of the heroine, and the descriptions of American scenery, to make its perusal very agreeable. But it seems ever haunted, like that of "Hiawatha," by an air of mortal sadness, which breathes the spirit of humility and resignation, not the spirit of despair. Listen to the mournful refrain:

> "While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
> Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

The remembrance of this plaintive note besets us all the way, as we follow the wandering pair of lovers, in their ever-failing pursuit of each other, from north to south, and from east to west, and back again, from the far west, to the city of Penn the apostle, till they find rest in the little Catholic church-yard behind the crowded street. As in a grand diorama of the greatly-diversified scenery of North America, the descriptive passages of this beautiful poem unfold in succession before our eyes the Atlantic shores of a cool and temperate region, between forest and sea, inhabited by farmers, woodsmen, and codfishers; or the broad-spreading Mississippi, in its lower course, beneath a semi-tropical sky, with cotton-trees, or groves of orange and citron, growing on the banks; with cypresses or cedars on the higher ground, and with flocks of pelicans wading in the tepid lagoons; or the pathless, endless, expanse of the vast Western prairies, with their "billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine," bedecked with an infinite variety of brilliant flowers, the haunt of buffalo herds, of the elk, the wolf, the wild horse, and the vulture; or the deep ravines and gorges of the Rocky Mountains, which lift their jagged tops above perpetual snows. Mr. **Longfellow** has certainly done his best to sing the picturesque features of his mighty native land.

Another good example of his poetical patriotism is "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which is a narrative in the same style and metre as "Evangeline," a stouter, manlier, and livelier tale, if not so delicately sweet. This story, too, is founded on fact, belonging to the early years of the Puritan settlement at Plymouth, in Massachusetts Bay. The character of the brave, honest, headstrong, angry, and sometimes ridiculous Englishman, a soldier of freedom with the experiences of a soldier of fortune, is worthy to have been drawn by Sir **Walter Scott**. That of the true English maiden Priscilla, with her delightful frankness and archness, her womanly indignation at the clumsy manner of his wooing, and her undisguised liking for John Alden, is worthy of companionship with Mistress Anne Page. Any artist who wants a pretty subject for a charming little picture of figures in a woodland scene may be advised to try his hand at one of John Alden leading the white bull, with his bride seated on a crimson cushion and saddlecloth, homeward on a wedding-day beneath the foliage of an American autumn, colored with the golden hues of that clime and season.

In these last-mentioned poems **Longfellow** is characteristically American, both in the subjects selected and in his treatment of them. His countrymen may well be proud of him.

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

The Rev. **Newman Hall** well illustrates the sentiment of the Wade Hampton class of Southern citizens by the following anecdote:

> In illustration of Southern sentiment, I will relate an incident which occurred in a railway car near Richmond. The Governor of Virginia, Mr. Pierpoint, had hospitably entertained me at his official residence, and was escorting me to view the great battle-field near Petersburg, where at length Grant broke through Lee's lines, at the distance of fifty miles from the Confederate capital. The Governor introduced me to a Southern planter and clergyman, who was in the carriage, and who at once addressed me in a very excited manner and with loud tones, so that he attracted the attention of upward of thirty people who were in the car, and became his audience. He at once plunged into the subject of the war; denouncing the Yankees, their folly in trying to educate the niggers, and the doings of the Freedmen's Aid Society; saying that the Southerners knew best how to treat their own servants, that they would not be interfered with, and that the Yankees should never govern them. He added, "I was a rebel—I've no apology to make—I'm not ashamed of it—I avow it." I ventured to interpose the remark that at least he must admit that the conquerors ruled very mildly when an avowed rebel was allowed to talk so strongly against the Government in the presence of a promiscuous company, and before the Governor himself. At this the planter became furious, and standing up at his utmost height, clenching his fist and shaking it at the Governor, who sat quietly smiling beside him, said, in the loudest voice, "Governor! who's the Governor? I'm as good as any Governor—I'm a gentleman of Virginia!" He then went on to denounce England, and said he hoped to see the day when the Republican movement would cross the Atlantic, headed by Yankee gunboats, and carrying devastation all round our coasts. Such a crusade would make the North and the South one again. I said, "This seems hard. The North are angry with us because we sympathized with you; and you seem to give us no thanks for it, but hate us for our supposed good-will." "Yes," said he, "and it's the fate of all trimmers. Why didn't you recognize us, and break the blockade? But, like all who try to sit between two stools, you tumbled down, and are hated by both of us."

AT SEA.

We sail from the island (he,
My love, slept all too sound
To come with us to sea
From the gardened burial-ground),

We travel the various earth,
We tarry a little while
And go—in his death and birth
He is claimed for her own by the isle.

On its hills he opened his eyes,
And their shapes seemed strange and bright,
Sinking beneath the rise
Of the sudden and ruthless night.

His eyes looked up to these grown
Grave faces of ours, the flower
Of life that was overblown
Grew sweet as a rose in a shower.

Our lives held his like the woods
Hold birds in the summer days,
Stirred with their singing moods,
Traversed a thousand ways.

But the rain is dried in the rose,
And the song has ceased in the trees,
And the petals cleave and close,
And the forest is ill at ease.

When the noon is flooded with light,
One cloud, no more than a hand,
Hides half the heaven from sight,
And makes a shadowy land.

To our knees in the world's fair walk
Bloom flowers, but we pass by them
To gather the broken stalk,
The snapped and the headless stem.

We look down into the deep
Of days as for something lost,
We start from the restless sleep
Of night by the same dream crossed.

The grasses over his head
In a small wave rise and meet,
As water under the tread
Life gave to his little feet.

He sleeps, we wake for a time;
But our sleep shall be as long:
Some raining of pleasant rhyme,
Some shining of gracious song.

Ah, well! we sail to the east,
The day goes down on our track,
When your love-soft eyes have ceased
From longing and looking back;

Turn round, I am here, be brave!
Nor murmur of happier fates,
Look over the uncut wave!
Look on to the white-cliffed straits!

Take heart! keep courage! the skies,
New over us day by day,
Stoop down their delicate dyes,
But the sea is blue as they.

And whether by sea or shore
Two glad good things have we,
One sweet thought, and one more,
Thy love and mine for thee.

MY LOUISE.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

But yes! I have suffered much, *moi*, and have eaten the bitter bread of exile, as Dante says it; but now it is not bitter any more, and I am very happy. I have lived nearly twenty long years in New York, and for ten years of that time I was more poor, look you, than one of Mürger's Bohémiens. And, *tenez*, it is not so pleasant to be poor in New York as it is in the Quartier Latin. I did much complain myself at one time because one can not have the wine *ordinaire* in New York unless he shall pay for one bottle more than would cost for a pleasant dinner near the Pantheon, Church of Ste. Genevieve now, bah! or even in the Palais Royal. I do not love the ale of Philadelphia, nor the lager-beer not more; and I dare not drink the Bourbon—that mounts to the head! Never any thing with the name of Bourbon was to be trusted. We say, in my country, of the Bourbons, that they never learn any thing and never forget any thing. The Bourbon of New York makes people forget every thing and learn great many things one had better not know. No, the *cuisine* is not good here for the poor; and the beverages are—ah, well—detestable. Even a glass of the *vin bleu* of the old Quartier would have been a pleasant treat for me here in New York, not so long time ago. But now things are all different, and I can have the good Bordeaux when I will; and my daughter is very happy, and her husband loves her; and I have such a charming little grand-daughter, and a great boy—a grandson. Yes, I am an exile, and I shall never perhaps see Paris any more; but the bread of exile is not bitter now, and I love America, and I am as happy as any worn-out old Republican can be who lives far from his own country and knows that it is under the sceptre of a tyrant.

I am an exile of 1848. I fought for the République Sociale et Démocratique: behind the barricades I fought for it; first against the tyranny of kings, then against the treason of egotistic and selfish, false Republicans. I fought for the cause of the *proletaire*. I am an old man, and I have memories. I have walked with Beranger in the alleys of the Luxembourg, and I have known Lafayette. I can remember to have seen Dumouriez in London; and much later than that I have known Armand Cavier, and the great, good Godefroi Cavaignac. All these were men, look you; though not all thought as I do, or would have flung up their *chapeaux* for the République Sociale et Démocratique and the cause of the *proletaire*. But Paris now! Grand Dieu, what a descent terrible! Tyranny of the bayonet; despotism of the *cotillon!* Reign of the *gendarme* and the *cocotte!* Nouvelle Babylonne, the brave Eugene Pelletan calls it. Nothing free but morals!

Well, pass from that. It is not worth the pain to say much of it. Let me tell my own little history. I left Paris when Louis Blanc and Victor Hugo and the rest found it right to leave it. I was not arrested—no one cared about me. I had my revenge when, from the deck of the steamboat leaving Calais, I waved my hat and cried *Vive la République Sociale et Démocratique!* I went to England—to London—but could not stay there. The heaven was all too dark; one saw not the azure sky nor the sun, but only fog; and my poor wife could not bear the heavy clouds and mists. We voyaged from Liverpool to New York. *Par Dieu*, what a voyage! Seven, eight weeks on the ocean; and we were crowded up, my wife, our little daughter, and myself, with hundreds of strange men and women, *emigrés* like ourselves. I tell you, it did try the souls of people! And we were sick, my wife and I, all the time—all the time. Eight weeks! To us it seemed more like eight years. But the days roll on, and the ocean; and one morning I hear a noise and commotion more than the ordinary on deck, and I mount there, very miserable—that goes without saying—and I see the shore, and I give a sigh, and say to myself, *Enfin!*

Then we live some time at Hoboken, and then in Brooklyn, and again in New York—in a street that debouches on Bleecker Street, which was then far up town, and did not have its present atmosphere of suspicion over it. I tried to teach French and Italian, and to translate for some of the journals; and my wife would give instruction in the music, and would also wash the shirts of gentlemen, and make the fine linens and laces of the ladies look good as new. The music lessons did not bring great reward, and I did not for long time have many pupils to instruct in French. Some of the parents were a little, just a little, brutal, you know—no, I don't mean brutal in your sense, but rather, perhaps I would say, brusque. Just a little brusque, yes; and when they came to speak of their children learning French from me, they would say they could not comprehend my English! Truly that was long ago. I have cultivated the English tongue since, I tell you. Wherever I go now they always believe that I am native of England—one true-born John Bull.

Four years passed away, and my poor wife died. Ah, that was a hard proof, a heavy trial! Never had we had a word of quarrel—but once, only once. That is to say, once when we were very poor—ah, nearly to famishing, one might say; and I earned a little money by unexpected fortune one day—only a dollar or two—and brought home some milk and food for the infant, and a small morsel of meat—of tender-loin, you know—to nourish my wife. I made two portions of it, and one was larger, and—ah yes—we almost quarreled over it. For I had made the one portion larger that she might have it, and she would not, and she would put it on my plate, and I demanded had she forgotten her duty as wife, and would she not obey? and she said no, she had not forgotten her duty as wife, but she would not obey; and we had a little argument; but after all it was not quite a quarrel, thank God!

I was left alone with my little girl. It was a hard struggle. For years I did every thing for her; then she began to do almost every thing for me. She was a very pretty girl, my Louise—a charming girl, every body said. She is beautiful now—much more beautiful than ever, I think, with her two children at her knees. But it is certain that she was very pretty then, and she had many admirers, whom, however, she did not encourage. She was always sage and gentle, and she loved her father, and cherished always the memory of her mother. I am not what you call a pious man, I am *un peu* Voltairean. I have seen so much of priesthoods at home that I am like the brave Swiss who excused himself for not climbing the hill on the hot day by saying he had seen *tant des montagnes*. But I have always taught my child to love the good God, and to have trust and faith in Him, and to cherish the memory of her mother, who has gone to heaven. For I believe in heaven. Were there no heaven, where now were my wife, after all her hard proofs and sufferances here below?

It seemed strange to me for a long time the liberty accorded to young girls in New York. In France the young girl never promenades alone; never is alone in a chamber for a moment even with her *fiancé;* never has any acquaintance except through her parents, and with their approbation, and in their presence. It seemed as if I was in some land of a wild race when I saw all the young girls circulate without restraint through the promenades, talk with the young messieurs, accept and give invitations, and bear themselves in every way as if they were married women. Form to yourself some idea of my surprise when, one evening, having been invited by a kind pupil to a grand reception in Fifth Avenue, I saw a lady whom I knew to be a *fille* wearing diamonds! *Néanmoins* my daughter liked the ways of freedom very well; and I do not think the American *demoiselles* are less sage and virtuous than even our French girls, after all. Under this reign of liberty my daughter made many acquaintances, although she kept admirers at a distance, and she was much loved by parents, and had many invitations; and I was happy of it, for I feared that our life at home was colorless and *triste* for a young girl. *Eh bien!* it was when she was passing an hour at the house of a lady to whose daughter I gave lessons in French—I was beginning now to have many pupils—that she first saw a handsome young man, Stewart Gardner, one of the *jeunesse dorée* of New York.

It was not long after this that Stewart Gardner came to me to take lessons in French. My faith! I was a little astonished, for he spoke French so well. He said he desired to have the true Parisian accent. "Monsieur," I said, gravely, "*c'est impossible.* Only un Parisien can have the true Parisian accent. You will lose your time and your money." He smiled and said he did not hope for perfection absolute, but to approach a little nearer to perfection. I did then engage myself to do with him all that one could; and for an American his accent was not to despise. Truly, he had lived some years in Paris, and had been there more lately than I. But I engaged myself to improve his accent—and I did.

When I told my Louise that evening she was not so glad as I had anticipated. She said, "Oh, papa, why does he come?" And I said, "But it is to acquire the Parisian accent, my child." "Oh, papa, don't!" "Don't what, *petite*?" "Don't have him coming here for lessons; he does not need any." "My dear, which is the better able to judge of his needs—you or he? Have you ever observed his accent in speaking French?" "Oh no, papa." "Well, then, what do you know? *C'est fini.*" She only *haussait ses epaules*, and said no more.

So Stewart Gardner came and took lessons; and I did perfection his accent very much; and he came often in the evening, and I played the violin for him, and told him of the Revolution, and sometimes my daughter would sing, and he would sing with her, and I grew to love him very much, and to be glad always when he came. I found afterward that he did sometimes chance to meet my Louise in the streets, and that they would promenade together; but this I did not then know of. If I had known of it I would have severely reasoned with her; because Stewart Gardner was the son of rich parents, and would be rich himself, and my poor girl would have no *dot* but her virtue.

I was very blind. Perhaps that we are all blind when it acts of seeing our own daughters. I did not see that *ma petite* and this youth were drawing every day closer and closer to each other. As I look back now I marvel where my eyes were, for I can recall in memory hundreds of traits and incidents which might have taught me that these two were in love. But then she was so wise and modest, and so loving to her father; and he was so loyal, frank, and honest that I could have suspected nothing. So they became lovers, and I never knew!

One day I went out very much in the morning—very early, I would say. I did not return to my home until night. It was late in summer; and as I came up the street I looked for *ma petite* at the window, with her bright face among her flowers. She was not there! I entered our room; it was desert! All there seemed desolate! No sight of my daughter! Never, never before had I returned home after my day of labor and not found her there to give me a welcome! I was going to rush down stairs and ask the good woman who kept the house whether she knew any thing of my daughter, when my eyes turned to the *cheminée*, and I saw a letter there in *her* handwriting, and addressed "To my dear father." Think if I tore it open, and read:

> "Oh, my dear father! we love each other, Stewart and I, and can not live asunder! Forgive me that I leave you for a moment—only a moment. We could not ask your consent, because we feared your high, Parisian sense of honor would compel you to withhold your sanction from a step which to many eyes must seem culpable. But you will forgive us yet, and all will be happy. Ever your devoted daughter,
>
> "Louise."

I dropped the paper on the floor. The chamber seemed to revolve itself. My daughter had fled with Stewart Gardner—my poor, dear, deceived daughter was dishonored! Oh, my wife! Oh, mother of my infant! In the heavens above us, I thought, what canst thou say to the unthinking husband, the unwatching, blind father, who has allowed this calamity to fall on thy child?

I had no clew to where the fugitives had gone. I wandered about hopeless and wild for two or three days. I inquired at Stewart's house; I saw his parents. They were angry, bitter, furious; and we only quarreled; and they were as ignorant as myself whither the hapless pair had fled! I went home, and took down a pair of rapiers I had, and I felt a pleasure all grim and sanguinary as I looked at their points. *Par Dieu*, I am not yet so old! A *vieux moustache* can even yet do something. I can not save thee, my daughter; but I can avenge thee, or I can die!

Thus I sat, evening after evening. Behold that one bright summer evening I heard on the stairs a step I knew too well. He has come, then, this insolent seducer, to defy me, or perhaps to buy me off with money! In New York, perhaps, they think all can be paid with their detested dollars!

The door opens—and behold Stewart Gardner smiling, though looking *un peu* abashed, and holding out his hand.

"You will forgive me," he said, "whatever others may do."

"Traitor, deceiver, coward, monster!" were my frantic words, and I sprang for my rapiers and seized them.

He fell back astonished—as I then thought, afraid.

"*Lâche!*" I cried.

"But, Monsieur, you surely are not serious? You are not so unforgiving for a little deception?"

"Coward, it must that we battle ourselves! We must cut the throats together! Take your weapon!"

"But, good Heaven, Monsieur, will you not listen?"

"On guard, coward!"

"What on earth have I done?"

"Betrayed me! deceived me! betrayed and deceived my poor petite, my cherished Louise!"

"But this is madness! You can not believe it! Why, Monsieur, do you not know—"

My rage only grew the more stormy as he spoke. I thrust a weapon into his hand; I struck him with mine across the breast; I cried to him that if he did not defend himself I would traverse him with my sword through the heart. There was now something like a smile on his lips, which truly inflamed me. I rushed at him. Were he not quickly on guard, credit me, he would have had my sword in his breast. But he sprang to defend himself with a celerity all marvelous.

That was a combat! Once I boasted myself to be a master of my weapon; and even still, look you, my arm is not quite weak, and my wrist has not lost its *souplesse*. *Mon Dieu*, I did my utmost possible to kill him! I almost shudder now when I think what in my madness I might have done! If I had killed him—ah, then what would have been left for me, miserable, but to slay myself? *Grâce à Dieu*, I did not kill him, nor even inflict a wound on him. He had learned the use of his weapon in a good Paris school; and he had youth. His arm was supple, and his wrist was steel. He only guarded himself, and the more I grew hot the more did he grow cool. At last he met a wild advance of mine with a parry truly brilliant, and my sword flew out of my hand and dashed against one of the walls of our chamber.

He sprang at the weapon and seized it.

"Either kill me," I cried, "or let us still battle ourselves. It is always a combat *à outrance!*"

"My good, dear Monsieur," he now asked, with a calmness all provoking, "what are we supposed to be battling ourselves for?"

"But, *malheureux*, do you pretend, then, not to understand the feelings of a father?"

"My faith, I profess to be all unable to understand the feelings of a father who seems to have set his heart on making his daughter a widow before she has half passed through her month of honey."

"A widow! Have you not betrayed—"

"My dear father-in-law, how can you talk in such a way? If our darling Louise only heard you! It would bring the blush to her cheeks, matron though she be, I assure you."

"Then, Stewart—Stewart, *mon garçon*, Stewart, my son—Louise and you are married?"

"Dear, Sir, what did you take us for—her or me? She is indeed Madame Stewart Gardner; and I only wish it were certain that she would come into better fortune by her marriage. But we trust to time to soften my people and reconcile them; and once they see my darling Louise they will love her just as her father and her husband do. For the rest, we love each other, and you love us, and we can be happy, and wait."

"But why did you not tell me all this before now, my son?"

"Well, Louise wished at first to tell you. But then we knew you were scrupulous and punctilious in the affairs of honor; and you might fancy that you were bound to withhold your consent, because of the reluctance of my parents; and we thought it better to say nothing, even to you, until the knot was tied and could not be untied."

"My Stewart, I am the most happy of men! Ah, if only my dear wife were living! But where is my daughter, my angel Louise?"

"I thought she would have been arrived here before now. She will not be long. What would she have said, my father-in-law, if she had come in a few minutes ago, and seen you charging me, *à brûle-pourpoint*, sword in hand? Eh, *mon beau-père*?"

"*Coquin*, not a word of that to Louise! How could she ever forgive her father for raising his rash hand against the life of her husband? Oh yes, you smile, because you think you were well able to defend yourself; but you must not be too arrogant in your victory, my son-in-law. I admit you can hold your sword well for an American; but then you have been trained in the first schools of Paris."

You comprehend that I was not willing to allow my *beau garçon* of a son-in-law any triumph over my country, however he might triumph over myself.

Even while we were thus gayly talking, behold there comes a *frou-frou* of robes and *jupons* up the staircase and into the chamber. And I start and turn round, and my eyes fill, and my limbs tremble, and for a moment I see nothing, but I hear a voice that cries, "Oh, my dear father!" And my Louise flings her arms round my neck; and first we cry, and then we laugh, and then we cry again; and Louise embraces her husband—and we are all as happy as the birds in the trees. I recover my breath, and look at Louise, and she is dressed like a *grande dame!* And I think to read her and her husband a lecture on economy; but I delay it for some time more favorable; and we begin to make arrangement for a joyous little *souper*. Ah, that night—but it was happy.

Many happy evenings followed. The parents of Stewart Gardner were not bad persons *au fond*, but indeed all to the contrary; and they soon forgave him his little *escapade*. M. Gardner père came himself one day to see me in his carriage, and brought Madame his wife with him. They were a little nervous and abashed in manner at first, because they remembered how rude and insolent they had been to me; and the manners of the elder generation of Americans have not a quite Parisian grace. But I received them as a man who remembers not injuries, and we were soon warm friends. Madame Gardner had the grace to say that when she saw Louise she only marveled how her son had not married the dear child long before; and Monsieur Gardner, when parting, said to me:

"You must permit us to make you very happy, Monsieur. We are all happy now."

"Monsieur," I reply, "I thank the good God, and you, and Madame your wife; and I am very happy. Hail Columbia!"

"Thanks," he answer, smiling. "Vive l'Empereur!"

"Pardon, Monsieur," I say, gravely; "*Vive la République Sociale et Démocratique*, if you please!"

"Sir," he answer, "*Vive* any thing *you* like, only regard me as your warm friend; and come and dine with us as often as you can."

I have dined with him often, and I have always been made welcome. I have seen how he and Madame his wife love and cherish my little Louise. And now Louise—who was a child the other day—has two infants of her own, and they are dearly loved by the parents of her husband. I scarcely feel my exile any more, although I grow old. Louise and her husband have been to Paris, but I think not to go there any more. After all, one's country is where his child and her children are, and where the ashes of his wife repose, and where he hopes that some day his ashes may mingle themselves with hers.

RESCUED.

A figure is sweeping a-down the street,
With mien all rigid and ireful feet;
Its eyes are a-flash with withering scorn,
Its lips curl high in the gray-lit dawn.

The figure is lithesome, the face is fair,
And scattering from it is gold-brown hair;
But ruffled and strayed are the garments wild,
And bared arms are gripping a fear-waked child.

Fierce flaming had glistened athwart the sky,
And loud had rung a passionate cry—
"Of all ye base girl-men is there not one
Will dare the blaze for the outcast's son?

"Oh shame! oh shame! when the mother is sped
To soothe the mourners of shipwrecked dead!
Oh shame on ye! shame! shall her lapling die,
And all ye cowards shuddering by?

"Will none of ye stir? Must be mine the arm?
Mine the danger? Ye riskless of harm?
Oh dastards!"—and brave young footsteps had flown
Through blinding fire they would enter alone.

And fleetly the figure holds to its quest,
Clutching the babe to its swollen breast;
It is heedless of taunt, its head rears high,
Its cheeks burn blood-crimson wrathfully.

But lo! a-melt are the quivering eyes!
Drooping the head! Afar it descries
The mother affright; and yielding at last,
When, bosom to bosom, death-chance is past,
The limbs fail flexile, the tears flow fast;
  For 'tis a woman this, serving man,
  Daring in peril, scornful of ban;
  Woo her! and win her! and wed—if you can!

LANDING OF THE FRENCH CABLE AT DUXBURY, MASS.

The landing of the French Cable at Duxbury, Massachusetts, was celebrated with great enthusiasm by the citizens of that place, July 27. Sir **James Anderson**, Mr. **Watson**, and Mr. **Brown** were present as the representatives of the French Telegraph Company, and President **Braistow**, of the State Senate, and Mayor **Shurtleff**, of Boston, were among the others of note who took part in the festivities.

There was a battery down from Boston to fire the salutes, and a tent was erected on Abram's Hill, where dinner was served; and after the banquet a number of speeches were made by the most prominent gentlemen present. Duxbury is an old Puritan town, settled originally by the Plymouth colonists, and numbering among the names of its original settlers those of **Carver** and **Brewster**, of **Standish** and **Bradford**, of **Winslow** and **Alden**. It is near to Plymouth Rock, so rich in lofty associations. In sight is Clarke's Island, where the first New England Sabbath hymn was sung—

"When the stars heard and the sea,
  And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
With the anthem of the free."

It is fitting that this spot should have been chosen for the American terminus of the French Cable.

A message was received from the Prefect of Paris, which was replied to by Mayor **Shurtleff**, of Boston. Our pictures on page 516 show the landing of the Cable at Rouse's Hummock, and illustrate some features of the grand celebration.

THE GRAND BALL AT LONG BRANCH.

A fashionable ball at Long Branch is always a great event. There are half a dozen or more hotels filled with the votaries of fashion, who come to the beach not for health, not for relief from the tumult of city life, so much as because there they find a new field for display, a fresh season of excitement. Now a grand ball, under these circumstances, is just the thing. Hotel-keepers enjoy it, for they make money out of it. The ladies enjoy it, because they have an opportunity to show themselves "at their prettiest" with their splendid dresses and costly diamonds. The gentlemen enjoy it in a lazy sort of way, especially if they are rich, or handsome, or can appear upon the committee list.

The fashionable world has its competitions, and they are not less acrimonious or less interesting to those engaged in them than are the strifes of politicians. Many a dandy prides himself as much upon his spotless white vest or his graceful dancing as Mr. **Sumner** might upon his most elaborate periods. And do you suppose that the gentlemen upon the "Ball Committee" or the "Floor Committee" would change places, even if they were offered positions on the Congressional Reconstruction Committee? We doubt it.

It can be imagined, then, what excitement was occasioned by the announcement of a ball at Long Branch, on the evening of July 26, in honor of President **Grant**. The event took place at the Stetson House, and the entire establishment was devoted to it. It was a grand affair. The President, of course, was there; and there were ex-Secretary **Borie**, General **Sherman**, General **Sheridan**, and other prominent personages. The grounds about the hotel were illuminated with calcium lights, and the stream of fashion poured endlessly on and emptied itself out at the doors of the Stetson House.

Our illustration on page 520 shows the first dance. The President danced with Mrs. **Borie**, General **Sheridan** with General **Sherman's** daughter, General **Sherman** with Mrs. **Grant**, General **Comstock** with his wife. After this dance President **Grant** became a martyr, as he has so often done before, and shook hands with about four hundred of the guests. Then the dance went on again. The President retired to a sofa, but General **Sheridan** took part in every dance. About midnight supper was served on a table 190 feet in length. The most prominent of the guests then retired, but others returned to the festive dance, and kept it up till morning.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"**William Stiggs**, what do you understand by an eclipse?"

"An old race-horse, Sir."

"Silence! Jack, you are a scholar; what is an eclipse?"

"An eclipse is a thing as appears when the moon gets on a bender and runs against the sun; consequently the sun blacks the moon's face."

Pedagogue looks amazed. Dismisses the class.

The Balance of Nature.—It will be found, as a rule, that after "hot words" a coolness springs up.

A FRAGMENT.

Broke! broke! broke!
  And "the world" has gone down to the sea,
And I would that my wallet could furnish
  Wherewithal to transport thither me.

Oh, well for old Spriggins's heir,
  He can drive with his chestnut and gray;
Oh, well for old Robinson's son,
  He can sail in his yacht on the bay;

While a little snip sits there,
  In his shop at the foot of the hill,
And he says that I owe for the coat on my back,
  Well, I think I shall owe for it still.

Broke! broke! broke!
  Oh, wouldn't I go down to the sea,
If the vanished stamps of a day that's dead
  Would only come back to me!

"As to being conflicted with the gout," said Mrs. Partington, "high living doesn't bring it on. It is incoherent in some families, and is handed down from father to son. Mr. Hammer, poor soul, who has been so long ill with it, disinherits from his wife's grandmother."

A young lady with a "switch" trailing fashionably down her back was somewhat startled, while waiting at a railroad dépôt the other day, by a kindly old lady who was not "up to the latest styles" approaching her and whispering, in a tone audible all over the room, "Your back hair is coming down, Miss."

"Shut your eyes and listen mit me," said Uncle Van Heyde. "Vell, de first night I opens store I counts de monies, and finds him nix right; I count him and dere be tree dollar gone; and vot do you tink I does den?" "I can't say." "Vy, I did not count him any more, and he come out shoost right ever since."

THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION FOR A LOQUACIOUS LADY.

"Pray, doctor, give me, if you please,
Some medicine for my disease:
My health and courage all are gone,
And I am weak and feeble grown."

The doctor felt her pulse, and said,
"There is no cause for fear or dread;
You've no disease, be not distressed,
You need no medicine but rest."

"I've no disease! why, how you talk!
Just see my tongue—it's white as chalk:
Look at it, doctor—look, indeed—
And say in truth, what does it need?"

"If you will keep it still and quiet,
'Tis all it needs; pray, Madam, try it.
You overtask it at the best,
And, like the body, that needs rest."

Many years ago Rensselaer County was dependent upon Vermont for teachers of common schools. A promising young man from that State presented himself to the trustees of a school district, and was examined. He was asked, "How much would nine and three-quarters pounds of wheat flour bring at fourpence-halfpenny a pound?" He considered the question, cultivating his head meanwhile with his finger-nails, and at last answered that they never raised wheat where he came from, and therefore he couldn't tell how much it would bring. The situation remained vacant.

Ten Thousand Hands Wanted.—It wasn't such a bad notion on the part of a glover who hung up in his shop the following placard: "Ten thousand hands wanted immediately."

Horticultural Mem.—The real gardener does not care to witness "the turning over of a new leaf"—when it is done by a caterpillar.

When is a man obliged to keep his word?—When no one will take it.

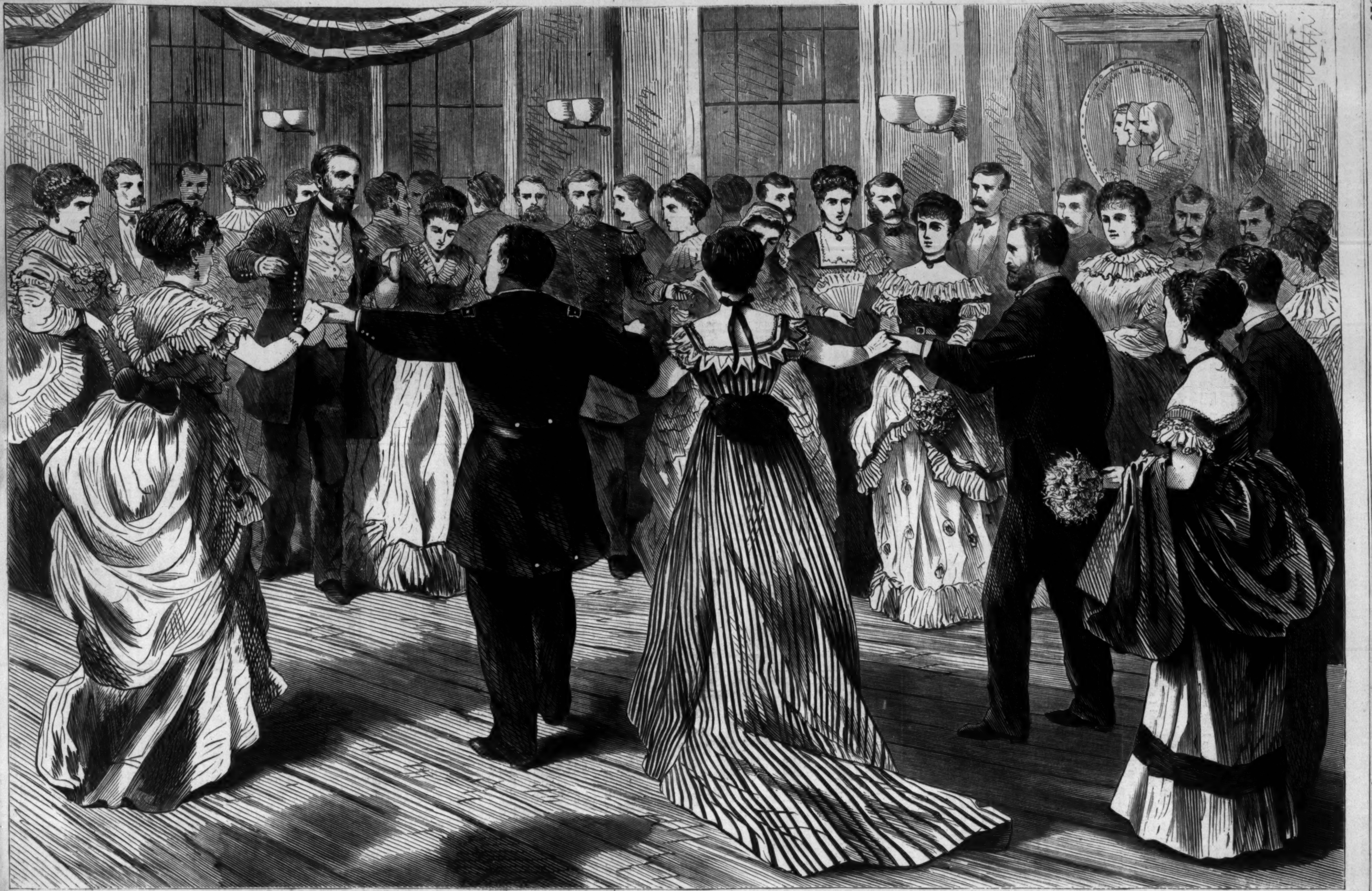
"I don't want mother to marry again," said a little boy one day at breakfast. "Why not?" was asked with some surprise. "Because," said he, "I've lost one father, and I don't want the trouble of getting acquainted with another."

Let woman not for voting stir,
  But learn the barber's trade instead;
So shall the Poll be brought to her,
  To razor o'er her husband's head.

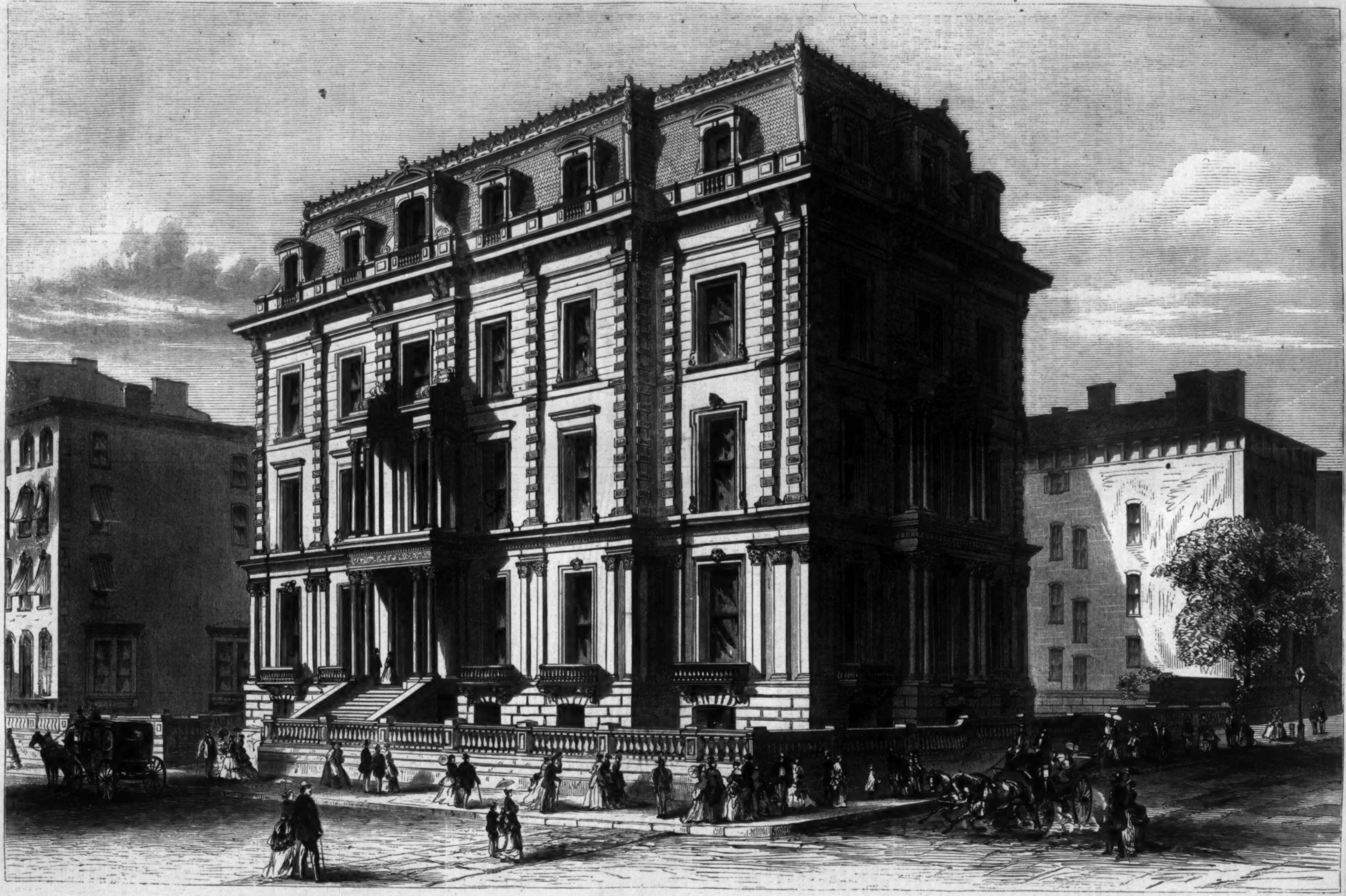
A wealthy merchant who had become a bankrupt was met, some time after his misfortunes, by a friend, who asked how he was going on. "Pretty well," said he; "I am on my legs again." "How! already?" "Yes, I have been obliged to part with my carriage and horses, and now must walk."

The young man who *stood* on his own merits became very much fatigued with the performance.

Josh Billings says: There is lots of folks in this world who, rather than not find any fault at all, wouldn't hesitate to say to an angle-worm that his tail was altogether tew long for his body.



GRAND BALL GIVEN IN HONOR OF PRESIDENT GRANT AT THE STETSON HOUSE, LONG BRANCH, July 26.—Drawn by C. G. Bush.—[See Page 519.]



MR. A. T. STEWART'S NEW RESIDENCE, CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—Photographed by Rockwood.—[See Page 525.]

THE RED BREAST OF THE ROBIN.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

Of all the merry little birds that live up in the tree,
And carol from the sycamore and chestnut,
The prettiest little gentleman that dearest is to me
Is the one in coat of brown and scarlet waistcoat.
It's cockit little Robin!
And his head he keeps a-bobbin'.
Of all the other pretty fowls I'd choose him;
For he sings so sweetly still,
Through his tiny slender bill,
With a little patch of red upon his bosom.

When the frost is in the air, and the snow upon the ground,
To other little birdies so bewilderin',
Picking up the crumbs near the window he is found,
Singing Christmas stories to the children:
Of how two tender babes
Were left in woodland glades,
By a cruel man who took 'em there to lose 'em;
But Bobby saw the crime
(He was watching all the time!),
And he blushed a perfect crimson on his bosom.

When the changing leaves of autumn around us thickly fall,
And every thing seems sorrowful and saddening,
Robin may be heard on the corner of a wall
Singing what is solacing and gladdening.
And sure, from what I've heard,
He's God's own little bird,
And sings to those in grief just to amuse 'em;
But once he sat forlorn
On a cruel Crown of Thorn,
And the blood it stained his pretty little bosom.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Her eye, her lip, nay, her foot speaks."
Troilus and Cressida.

It was about two weeks after the fire at Auriel that, in the words of the Court Newsman, Lady Diana Merton, Lord Orme, the honorable Mr. Orme, and the honorable Amelia and Rosa Orme, joined the distinguished circle enjoying Lord Airdale's hospitality at Holme Park.

Lady Diana had arranged with Lord Orme that she should accompany his party to Holme Park, because she averred it was so dull traveling alone; the truth being that, extravagant to profligacy in the matter of luxuries obtained on credit, she yet had a magpie-like regard for small coins, and hated being obliged to disburse them. Traveling in Lord Orme's society implied that a large portion of the expenses of the journey would fall to him. She appropriated the most comfortable seats in express trains and hackney-carriages with an air of unconsciousness which nearly goaded Amelia Orme into rebellion.

"I know she's only coming because Captain Mowbray is to be there," that young lady said to her sister, wrathfully. "I hate such mean underhand ways; and see how she twists papa and Conrad round with her little finger."

And, indeed, Conrad, who had moulted short jackets, and was showing first symptoms of long-tailed coats, more than once announced to his bosom-friend, young Spenser, Lord Airdale's son, a fellow-Etonian, at whose especial request Conrad had been invited to Holme, that Lady Di was "quite his style, by Jove!"

Mowbray was not present to welcome his friends when they first arrived. Mowbray was out hunting, the host said, in answer to a casual inquiry from Lord Orme; doubtless they would meet him at dinner-time, as well as Clairveaux and some other fellows, who had also gone out. But ere Lady Diana had been a few hours at Holme she was better informed as to the real cause of Thurstan's absence.

What scouts are to a general, so is a quick-witted lady's-maid to her mistress. Lady Diana rarely revealed her own plans of operations to her subordinate; but she made use of her to ascertain those of the enemy. Every one at Holme was talking of the disaster at Auriel. Captain Mowbray's gallantry was the theme of every tongue. Had he not, when taking a moonlight stroll, and while discussing his nightly cigar, been attracted by the sight of the burning house, and entered it at the risk of his own life to save that of the poor girl who was its only tenant? Something was said about that odd man, the schoolmaster, having given Captain Mowbray material assistance; but then the said schoolmaster lost his wits at last, and let the means of escape slip out his fingers; and then, did not Captain Mowbray, having pieced a broken ladder with rope, ascend the walls of the house, and again imperil his life to save that of the poor fool who had been too stupefied to think of self-preservation? Had not the fire-engines arrived opportunely both must have perished; for it seemed that Captain Mowbray could not persuade his companion to make any exertion to save himself, and both men were half suffocated, and one much injured, when the firemen extricated them from the burning pile at considerable risk to themselves. The whole of the house was not destroyed; the south wing was only partially injured, and the schoolmaster—it was he who had been hurt—was lying there now, attended by the girl who kept the house. The old woman who ordinarily lived with the girl had gone home to her cottage to see a sick grandchild on the night of the fire; and had it not been for Captain Mowbray's timely interposition the poor solitary inmate of his ancestral home might have become ashes, like the family portraits on the staircase, without any one being the wiser.

All these details were collected by Lady Diana's maid, Letty, and by her repeated to her mistress while the latter underwent the soothing process of having her hair brushed.

Lady Diana mused deeply on what she heard; then she lifted up the gray eyes, and asked:

"Is the girl pretty whom Captain Mowbray saved?"

"Well, James" (James was Lord Airdale's valet) "do say she's a niceish sort of looking girl," Letty admitted, reluctantly; "but I don't consider he's no judge. Captain Mowbray rode over there to-day to inquire after her."

"That will do; you may go," Lady Diana said, quietly. Then she clasped a necklace of brilliants round her white throat, and went down stairs to the drawing-room so preoccupied that she never observed that she had pinched her fair skin in the fastening of the necklace, and that a tiny spot of blood was staining the brilliancy both of throat and jewel.

Lady Di ensconced herself in one of the old-fashioned sofas which adorned the Holme drawing-room; she was a good judge of effect, and knew how alluring she seemed when the dazzling whiteness of her bust and arms were brought into relief by the dark crimson settee that supported her; when her half-averted head showed the exquisite contour of her throat, and her hair made a mellow glow against the cold shadows of the evening.

She was looking more than usually beautiful to-night she knew, and she did so wish that all her admirers in esse and in posse could witness her loveliness. Few things irked Lady Di more than to find her sweetness wasted in a desert drawing-room, wherein there were no men. She felt on such occasions as a Soyer might feel who had provided an exquisite repast of which no guests came to partake. Lady Di's attitude would have done equally well for Thurstan or Lord Orme or Clairveaux. As it happened, Captain Mowbray was the first to enter the room.

Thurstan flushed at the sight of her.

"By Jove!" he thought, "she is handsomer than ever."

Lady Di on her part greeted him with genuine satisfaction; all the languor in her eyes, all the indolence of her movements, gave way before the brightness of her pleasure. As she sat there resplendent in her gracious loveliness, bringing to bear on him all the attractions of her wit, beauty, tact, and experience, Thurstan became fairly dazzled.

"I have never forgotten you," he said, in answer to one of her half-playful reproaches; and Lady Di smiled a little scornfully to herself, for she knew well that her former lover had entirely forgotten her for a space, and it was only the power of her presence now which made him fancy that her attraction had ever been equally strong.

Suddenly Lady Di asked:

"What became of that man—the schoolmaster, whose life you saved?"

A deep gloom fell on Thurstan's face as he answered:

"He left Auriel for his own cottage, despite our earnest entreaties, this morning; he was quite unfit to move, but he persisted in going. Do you know, Lady Diana, that man is one of the noblest fellows on God's earth? He saved my life twice. And yet it is very strange; but when I sought to repay him, by dragging him out of the smoke that night, he struck at me fiercely, and said something which sounded like a curse. I think he must have slightly lost his head."

"Very likely," Lady Di said, indifferently. Then, looking keenly at her companion, she added, "And what about that girl?"

Thurstan drew his hand away quickly (it had been resting on the back of her chair, in near proximity with her shoulder), put both hands in his pockets, and walked to the window; his sudden recoil from herself was an answer to Lady Di's suspicions; she had judged so many criminals at the bar of her beauty that she was quick to detect the slightest evidences of guilt—she perfectly understood that she had recalled another love to Thurstan, and that sudden remorse at his forgetfulness of the duty he owed that love prompted the withdrawal of his hand.

"There is nothing to see out of the window," Lady Di said, dryly; "it is pitch dark. Do you not think you would be better occupied in fastening my necklace? it is unclasped." She lifted up her chin, still dimpled and white as that of a child, as she spoke, and he was fain to obey her request.

"You have hurt yourself," he said, suddenly, as his eye fell on the ruddy spot of blood; and as he spoke his voice involuntarily took that intonation of tenderness which not uncommonly graces a strong man's lips when he refers to any injury, however slight, done to the beauty of a woman. Lady Di, with half-closed eyes and upturned face, had assumed somewhat of the attitude of a cat sidling up its head to be stroked, and Thurstan Mowbray looked as if he were not far off granting the responding caress, when the door opened, and Amelia Orme entered the room.

"Let me do that for you," she said to Lady Diana, in a tone of quiet malice, "men are so stupid about such things; see how clumsy Captain Mowbray's fingers are, and what a long while they take to accomplish their task."

"So you found them when he entangled your hair in the clematis!" Lady Di said, giving back the blow with a smile. "Men's fingers are stupider, but so much pleasanter, don't you think?" she added, placidly. "Please go on, Captain Mowbray."

Captain Mowbray hurriedly clasped the necklace, and Amelia retired scowling. She had all the will but not the ability to cope with the graceful effrontery of the elder woman.

The rest of the guests now entered the room. Any novice in the art of coquetry might have taken a useful lesson from Lady Di's on such occasions as these. Numbers did not dismay her. With exquisite tact she contrived to make each comer believe himself favored beyond all others; she looked tenderly at one, she murmured to another some apparently trifling words, which, in fact, had reference to a by-gone mutual flirtation. She contrived in the most masterly manner to make all discussions, whether on literature, politics, or fashion, incorporate some personal reference to herself. Did they speak of a new mode of wearing the hair? She managed to remind Clairveaux of a certain day when he had accidentally touched the soft beauty of her own tresses. Did they mention the last new novel? She referred to some passage in it which treated of the desirability of second marriages, and entreated Lord Orme to read it; and when the budget was discussed, and Lord Airdale grew eloquent on the subject of naval estimates, Lady Di imperceptibly led the conversation toward our coast defenses. Then she spoke in a low voice to Thurstan of the Sussex coast; hinted of a certain hour when she had stood there in the blaze of noon with her heart cold with despair; hinted of the tears she had shed when she returned to her solitary home, feeling that life had become a weary blank, that all its brightness had passed away after that moment of sun-glow, when his lips pressed her own in the last bitter-sweet caress. She did not allude to the concern she showed at her overdone sweet-bread, or of the useless expedition she made to Italy in pursuit of Lord Orme. Lady Di never talked about her failures.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JEST AND EARNEST.

That night when the party was breaking up Lord Orme came up to Thurstan, and said, with some emotion,

"Did you really save that poor girl's life at Auriel?"

"On the contrary," Captain Mowbray explained, "it was a great friend of mine, a fellow called Douglas, who saved us both."

"But you were the first to enter the building with the view of rescuing her," Lord Orme said, eagerly. "It was a noble act, Mowbray; you needn't look so ashamed of it." Lord Orme took the young man's hand and shook it warmly.

"God bless you!" he muttered, and turned away, somewhat confused at his own enthusiasm.

Captain Mowbray stared after him blankly.

"What the deuce was I to say?" he thought, ruefully; "its very awkward being thanked when you don't deserve it; but how could I explain matters without letting the cat out of the bag. Poor little girl! she must be dull, now Douglas is gone. I will go there early to-morrow."

"What shall I give you for your meditations?"

Lady Di stood before him with outstretched hand, and the faintest suspicion of a yawn revealing her pearly teeth.

"What shall I ask?" he said, drawing nearer to her.

She looked at him with an indescribable expression—a delicious combination of shyness and passion—of doubt and confidence. Suddenly the expression found voice.

"You know well that aught you chose to do for me would meet with any requital you could name. You know that I can not forget, that I have never ceased to reproach myself for my folly in letting my happiness slip out of my hands. Can you forgive me, Thurstan?"

They were standing on the landing-place outside the drawing-room door. She herself partly concealed by the heavy curtains of a window near which she leaned; her beautiful shoulders were shadowed by the exotics that were placed on the window-sill; the light of a lamp overhead shed a subdued glow over the fairness of her round arms, half extended in supplication. Thurstan looked at her with a vague idea that some evil fascination was dragging him down to hell. He wondered if the air there was thick with the perfume of flowers; if the light was dim, and revealed beautiful women instead of ugly fiends; if the music in those lurid glooms resembled rich low tones, full of subtle temptations, such as had just now trembled in his ears.

Then he grasped her wrists, and cried,

"You try me too far, Lady Di. You tempt only to disappoint, you inspire hopes only to baffle them. Now, I will be honest with you; not that you deserve honesty of me, but because I will not fight you with your own mean weapons. When you first taught me to love you I paid back your lie with truth; I loved you as sincerely as ever man loved woman; I would have made you a good husband, although I was, as you *said*, too young, as you *meant* too poor, to marry a woman of your age and prudence. You threw me over because I wouldn't be content with the husks of a heart; because, being a chivalrous young fool, I insisted on an honest, substantial proof of the devotion which you had pretended to feel for me. Well, there's no need to talk any more about the past. Only tell what do you want of me now. If you wish to lure me back to the state of semi-madness about you, you are yet beautiful and charming enough to succeed, but I warn you fairly I can not woo you on the same terms, for I am no longer free; and if you tempt me to woo you I swear that I will win you. Do you think that a man is to be tortured, wounded, and goaded like the poor brutes that writhe under the skill of the matadore? and do you think the matadore always escapes without injury? I think it kindest to tell you, without equivocation, that if you persist in giving me encouragement I shall, whether you like it or no, take any advantage of you circumstances may put in my way."

All the color had faded from his face. There was a threat in his eyes which she had never seen there before. Lady Di became conscious that she had raised in this man the latent tiger which now and then shows its teeth between human lips, through all the smiles of civilization. The brute had often showed its face to her before; she rather liked dealing with this savage phase of a man's nature. She showed a certain audacious courage in fighting these iniquitous duels, which would have been worthy of admiration applied to a nobler end. Had she been a man she would have been a great blackguard or a great hero—perhaps both. History has taught us that the combination is not impossible.

She did not cower before the storm she evoked; but when she looked up at this man's face and saw how handsome it looked in its menace, she thought that she had never liked any one so well as she did him. She liked him better in his wrath than ever she had done when he wooed her with smile and entreaty. And he said he was not free! Then her suspicions were correct about that girl; and at the thought of her rival Lady Di felt as though a knife were thrust into her—heart, I should say, if speaking of any other woman; but in this case I ought, perhaps, to substitute the word "vanity" for "heart."

"Forgive me," she said, beseechingly.

"Bah!" he replied, impatiently; "that's what you always say. Women are the most unreasonable devils in the world; they seem to think that civil speeches will compensate for any thing. I dare say that the daughter of Herodias thought that an apology would comfort John for the prospect of her taking his head as a guerdon for that grim revelry of hers. I do forgive you, Lady Di; but I must punish you; and you may be sure that if you offend again you will not escape so easily."

Without further words he took her in his arms and kissed her.

Another woman might have reddened under that caress, which was almost as menacing as passionate, but this one paled visibly. Lady Di could no longer blush, although she could fear. She did not fear Thurstan, but she was apprehensive of any one of her admirers appearing suddenly on the scene. She could explain away most things, but even she could scarcely have given a satisfactory reason to Lord Orme or to Clairveaux for her being kissed on the stairs by Thurstan Mowbray. The latter caught her quick glance directed toward the drawing-room door, and laughed grimly.

"I prefer to bully you here," he said, "because you can not, for your own sake, make a noise. However, I won't be ungenerous, Lady Di. You may go."

He released her, and she looked at him wonderingly. "How changed you are!" she muttered.

And in truth Captain Mowbray was far more eloquent in the face of opposition than he ever was when lapped in content. The suspicion of intended injury, combined with the recollection of his past suffering, made him speak in a very different strain from what he usually indulged in. The woman who had said him nay had seen a phase of his character utterly unknown to the single-hearted girl who had but one word, the ever ready yea of love, for him.

Fortunately—or as Lady Di said piously, providentially—none of her other admirers made their appearance on the scene, and the two parted without their interview being detected.

Thurstan thought a good deal of Azalea to-night, not that he felt conscious of having done her any especial injury in that little matter of the kiss he had given Lady Diana. A man may feel some conscientious scruples when he first goes into debt, but after a certain amount of time and experience insolvency seems a natural and not dishonorable condition. A man when he first goes on the turf may mean to keep on the square, but he must be a very exceptional character if, after a while, he does not trick his best friend, and think himself a very clever fellow in so doing. And a man who has come to look on women in the light in which they were regarded by Thurstan Mowbray would scarcely feel much compunction in adding one more to the number he had already distinguished by his osculatory attentions. Do not think that I defend or admire him: I think that he represents a low type of man. I know that he has nothing but a few ordinary virtues, such as courage and good-nature, to recommend him. Compared to his moral stature, Douglas was as a Titan. But did not Helen prefer that stupid fair-faced boy, Paris, to the gallant brother of Agamemnon? Was not Menelaus, vulgarly speaking, worth two of that stripling shepherd? All lovers can't be heroes, nor does it seem that the greatest heroes have been most tenderly loved by women. Did not Marie Louise, after having been one with the greatest hero (in a mundane sense) that ever plucked off other men's crowns to place them on his own head, condescend to her chamberlain? Was Cæsar as lovable as Antony? Let the spirit-rappers interrogate the shade of Cleopatra, and hear what the serpent of old Nile has to say about it. Nevertheless, if ancient scandals are to be credited, our Laureate has no foundation for calling the head of the Julian family dull or cold-blooded. Perhaps these epithets in Cleopatra's mouth are merely intended as natural expressions of feminine malice uttered in revenge for the imperial contempt.

One of the most distinct signs of Captain Mowbray's moral obtuseness was his utter innocence of the wrong he was doing Azalea in thus renewing his intimacy with Lady Diana. He would not willingly have vexed that dear little girl who was sitting alone in the Auriel shadows, dreaming of him and him only. Had she known, and seemed much cut up at any of his proceedings with regard to other women, he, very likely, would have altered his ways for her sake; but, as it was, the reflection that the heart doesn't grieve for what the eye doesn't see was an unfailing salve to such trifling wounds as his conscience sustained. He was still very fond of Azalea, and you may be sure he will not kiss her any the less warmly to-morrow because he has been faithless to her lips to-day.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

OF SWEET CAME SOUR, OF DAY CAME NIGHT.

WHEN Robert Douglas recovered his hurts sufficiently to crawl away to his own home he wrote a few words of farewell to Azalea, in which he entreated her not to break in on his solitude for some little while to come.

He avoided seeing her before he went, alleging that he was not strong enough to sustain even the slightest excitement. Since that terrible night, when mental anguish surpassed the animal fear of death, when all life's miseries seemed culminated in the burden of that fathomless despair, Douglas had never spoken to or looked at her, whose very presence was in itself a wound to him; the sound of her voice made him wince. He had come to regard her with somewhat of the shrinking aversion a caged lion feels to the hand which has subjugated it with a burning rod. He turned his face from the light and from her; he would admit of no attendance save what old Sally could render him. He felt that a glance at Azalea's face, insolent in all the radiance of happy love, would madden him beyond endurance; all he asked for was solitude and silence, and these obtained he sat and watched his pain from dawn to eve, his eyes dull with pathos as those of one who can not turn his gaze from the horror of a corpse. When the sun was brightest his lids were closed; when the air was loud with the ecstasy of birds he was mute.

A stranded wreck makes no response to the soothing ripple, the whispering kiss of summer-warm waves; the dismantled hull, victim to the brief mad passion of a stormy hour, is merely a sullen blot on the golden sands; personifying disaster, it seems to brood over its tragedy of the past. The desperate effort—the wail of despair—the unhelped supplication; these are its memories, and so it lies between the glows of sky and sand—a darkness in the sunshine—a silence in the murmuring tides. Ever mutable waves play round its despondent sides. The silver fringe of the surf sports over it ere rushing back to the deep bosom of the parent sea. Gray dawns look coldly on its sombrous shadow; red-eves flush it with tawny glory; winds sigh or storm over it; shells cling to it; fresh scented sea-flowers throw themselves into its lap. Ships come and go; greeting and farewell echo over it; but it retains that calm which succeeds destruction, that apathy which marks decay.

It is a pause in the midst of life's eloquence. It is a paralytic mocked by the sound of a dance and song; through all the mutable vitality of nature it is dumb, deaf, and immovable. It worse than perishes—it stagnates.

Douglas's farewell to Azalea ran as follows:

"MY DEAR CHILD,—I am quite well enough to move now, and I fancy that I shall get well soonest in my own little home, so I leave you; and do not think me unkind if I say that, for a time, I shall prefer utter solitude to any society however agreeable. I am much shaken by the terrible events of the last few weeks; and I would fain forget, if possible, some of the horror attached to this place. I do not apologize for leaving you, for a note I received from Captain Mowbray a few days after the fire informed me of the relation which subsists between you—a woman blessed with a young husband who loves her, and whom she loves, does not need to be troubled by the light of a weary old face like mine. I shall so far interest myself in your future as to try and induce your husband to communicate his marriage at once to his family; and in other respects I shall try and fill the place of your dead father—but I need not dwell on these things to you: may God bless you more than he has seen fit to pardon me. If ever you are in trouble—if you ever need comfort or assistance, write but one word, '*Come*,' and you may command the presence of Yours faithfully,

"ROBERT DOUGLAS."

Azalea wondered and grieved a little over Douglas's absence. Sometimes, when Thurstan was not there to banish the thought, the dreary winds of evening seemed to whisper to her of something which she had lost—something of shelter, of protection and of love, which had passed away into her foster-father's grave, and into that homely cottage in the Auriel lane. But her lover's voice, her lover's touch were sufficient to woo her back into the beautiful dream, which she, in her ignorance, mistook for reality; and in that dream the melancholy of her future desolation was not prophesied. How could she guess, inexperienced in all hearts but her own, which was as true as her life had been sinless, that Thurstan was already a little uneasy of the prize he had won without a struggle—that his sometimes restless manner and thoughtful eyes harbored treachery to herself; that he did not understand her, and that the enigma which had possessed its charms at first became fatiguing in its unintelligibility? Lady Diana was never hard to understand. She had the art of making her own intellect subservient to that of her lover's. She conveyed ideas to him in such fashion that he was deluded into believing that he himself had engendered them. No one can deny that it is far pleasanter to have a mistress who makes you feel her superior than one whose genius is distinct and unsociable as a monolith. Thurstan understood that Azalea was very pretty, and that she worshiped him, in consideration of which he overlooked her peculiarities of mind; but then Lady Di was also very lovely, and......at this dangerous point of his meditations Thurstan would generally walk away from Holme in the direction of Auriel, much on the same principle as that which made the soldier in the fairy tale take a bite of antidotal apple when he found the influence of the magic pear becoming too serious.

Reader—supposing you to be a man—have you ever suffered the inconvenience of loving two women at the same time? If so, you can sympathize with the perplexity of the ass when trying to make a choice of thistles, or the vacillating of Alexander between his rival queens. The situation is not an uncommon, although it may be an undignified, and not altogether one undeserving of sympathy.

Meanwhile, when Lady Diana watched Thurstan break away from the toils she was beginning to wind round him with all the gentle tact of an experienced spider making advances to its pet fly, and leave her for the tenant of that blackened ruin at Auriel, she bit her pink lips until they bled, and swore that come what might—whatever trouble it entailed on herself—whatever disaster it inflicted on others—she would win back this man to bondage so complete that he should sicken at every hour spent out of her presence, and weary of the cause which thus detained him.

You see, one of those misfortunes which overtake the most hardened coquette had fallen on Lady Diana. She was really in love—not for the first, or even the second time, you may be sure, but she felt it none the less keenly for that. After all, she was at this moment more deserving of pity than her younger rival. Love to Azalea was Paradise—to Lady Di, Purgatory. Azalea believed in all things, more especially in her lover—Lady Di believed in few things, least of all in human faith. The rat which undermines many a stout ship can scarcely have much confidence in the stability of timber. Lady Di would have given much to be able to have a good hearty belief in any man. She would fain forget the inevitable decline from the heights of a grand passion to the dregs of a spent one. She knew too well how in the most constant breasts the sweet tumult of passion—passion which is like the beautiful storm of the tropics, where strange phantasms and colors of unspeakable glory are incorporated with the wild splendor of the tempest—dies to calm, and from calm to stagnation. Even in victory she tasted defeat; while in defeat she suffered as severely as though its pangs were unforeseen.

Thurstan's dereliction wounded her vanity—more, it wounded her heart—she loved him. The sight of his face was sweet to her; his voice gave a charm to the day; his eyes haunted her like a pleasant dream; she knew that he would be nothing more than a dream in her life altogether, for she was in truth too old to marry him had he been free (and he had insinuated to her that he was bound by more than ordinary ties to another), and she was too poor to retain him long as a lover; for her pecuniary circumstances were becoming desperate, and every time a fresh dun knocked at the door she looked at Lord Orme and thought, "Marry me you must—whether you like it or not." So Thurstan would be nothing but a phantasm of pleasure; but when a mirage was lovely to her she judiciously avoided looking at it too closely. Experience is a lens through which we see with painful clearness all the defects of the present.

Lady Di wisely shut her eyes and opened her mouth to take the bonbon which Fate sent in her way.

A NAUTCH DANCE.

WHOEVER has not seen a Nautch dance has something yet to see. Some three or four sets of Indian dancing-girls had arrived in Zanzibar; and having told our tall, gawky Arab conductor that we wished to see these peculiar beings, he made the necessary arrangements with them. In the evening we repaired to his house, and were ushered into a long, narrow room, covered with a Persian carpet and cushions, and in the centre a brass lamp with a number of burners. The spectators seated themselves at the farther end of the room, leaving the divan for the Nautch girls.

Shortly our tall Arab enters, ushering in some half a dozen creatures clothed in cloth of gold, followed by half a dozen Indian musicians bearing their instruments, consisting of a peculiar kind of drum, a guitar, and an instrument of the flageolet kind. The ladies divested themselves of their outer scarf of red silk and gold, and lounged on the divan opposite to us—their arms bare, bosoms nearly, and legs quite so. Their heads were ornamented with wreaths of jewels; gold ornaments, studded with precious stones, hung from one side of the nostril, pulling down the lobes.

One looked rather old, say twenty-eight; the others young—two under thirteen. All were of Hindoo cast of countenance, and very dark under the eyes. They lounged on the cushions in the most fascinating manner, as they apparently thought, gently puffing the cigars we had given them, every moment casting up their large black eyes to us languishingly, lovingly, enchantingly, and sorrowfully.

The musicians strike up a semi-dismal, sentimental sound. One of them has a peculiar small, semicircular drum made fast to his waist, which he sounds by striking with the palm of his hand, obtaining the most peculiar but not unmusical sounds. The others have instruments more common.

The girls now begin to cast off their outer garments, and bind round their ankles tinkling chains. This done, they advance, tap the heels, then the toes, tinkling the chains to the time of the musicians. The dance, we think, is doubtless to follow. Wriggling about (there are no other words that describe the motion), throwing out their arms, and peeping beneath their scarfs, they advance and retreat. They then sing love-songs, conjointly with the musicians, who screech in their ears, gradually increasing the loudness of the music; the girls advancing and receding, their eyes alternately full of passion and sorrow, and then whirling away, disconsolate, at length sit down almost exhausted.

And this actually *was* the dance, and all there was of it.

During the dancing and singing they frequently lifted the nose ornament to wipe their streaming faces. Right glad were we to pay an aggregate of eight dollars for the entertainment, to leave the house, and get on board the steamer.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EVERY week or two some luckless visitor at Niagara Falls utters, through the newspapers, a dismal note of warning in regard to the impositions practiced upon innocent strangers in that vicinity. Doubtless the writers of these warnings *have* been victims; but, from our own recent experience, we should almost fancy that some of the "Notes from Niagara Falls" printed under date of 1869, were made up from old manuscripts written years ago. *Our* week's visit at the Falls failed to entangle us in a single trick. The hotel charges were in no wise more exorbitant than at other summer resorts; and if all the hotels are as well appointed as the one where we happened to be, there can be no cause of complaint. To be sure, when you linger at the windows of the Indian shops, some pretty girl will pop out of the door with an urgent invitation to enter; but if you pay no attention to her she soon retires. Hackmen, too, as in other places, are fond of informing you how reasonably they will show you the sights; but they are easily silenced by quiet disregard. Only in one instance were we pertinaciously followed. Our party, having taken the usual drives, resolved one morning to walk over to the Canada side and enjoy the view on foot. Having crossed the New Suspension Bridge, a hackman assailed us with, "Take you to Table Rock for fifty cents;" and, notwithstanding both silent and expressed refusals of his offer, he followed in our wake, kindly decreasing his price as we lessened the distance, until he was ready to sacrifice himself and horses for "ten cents!" At that juncture one gentleman of our party turned round and said, in a delightfully cool tone: "We calculate to *walk* up to Table Rock if it costs us *five dollars!*" The hackman disappeared *instanter*.

Visitors to Niagara would be better satisfied if they should bear in mind that considerable expense is involved in preparing such places as "Goat Island," "The Three Sisters," and "The Cave of the Winds" for safe and comfortable inspection. If bridges, stairs, etc., had not been built we should lose glorious views, which are well worth the fee demanded. Nor should we find it as pleasant if the various arrangements which facilitate access to points of interest were suffered to go to decay. Improvements are made from year to year which increase the attractions of the place; and, under a new and efficient police, there is far less annoyance than formerly from the importunities of hackmen. No lover of the grand in Nature can visit Niagara and not rejoice that an opportunity is so easily obtained for viewing the glorious Falls in so many different aspects.

Extensive preparations have been made for observing the solar eclipse on the 7th of August. Many distinguished scientific gentlemen have gone to Iowa for this purpose; also a company of government officers, under the direction of Professor William Harkness. A temporary observatory, and all necessary instruments, will enable them to make general observations, as well as to take photographic views.

Another railroad horror! On the New Orleans and Louisville Railroad a passenger train falls through a trestle bridge, the cars take fire, three persons are burned to death, and many wounded. The bridge had given way before, and the officers of the road are "censured." Is *this* all? Are the public altogether hardened to "railroad horrors?"

Any one who has contemplated the grand drinking tableau which is on free exhibition from seven until eight o'clock every morning at Congress Spring, Saratoga, will appreciate what an exchange says: "We this morning saw an advanced female gulp five glasses of Congress-water in quick succession, without any difficulty; and another autumnal creature absorbed four glasses, and then remarked 'she would walk through the park before drinking any more.' A little specimen of crinoline, with most improbable curls, drank four glasses without flinching, while an old-school Congress-water fowl, standing at her elbow, soothed himself with five full glasses 'before taking his constitutional walk,' as he said. The pensive young lady, who has been here a month awaiting an offer, drinks only one glass of the Congress daily, not because she likes it, but because it is fashionable."

More than one-half of the entire revenue of the kingdom of Bavaria is from beer, although it is but lightly taxed. Beer is emphatically the national beverage, and its consumption, particularly in Munich, is something wonderful. Over a hundred million gallons are made every year, and even women and children imbibe freely.

A water-spout near Nashville, Tennessee, recently cut up some mischievous pranks. A whirlwind formed on the Cumberland River which was so powerful that a water-spout seven feet high was developed, and swept along the river. A party of a dozen men and boys were bathing in the river, and had hung their clothes upon some evergreens, which formed a screen to the bathing-boat on the landing where they performed their toilets. The water-spout came along and unceremoniously whisked away trees, clothes, and all; and away went the raiment of the astonished bathers, sailing high in air, until it disappeared from their anxious gaze! All called loudly for clothes, and finally a sufficient number of articles of apparel were secured.

Report says that the Adirondack wilderness is altogether too fashionable. Tourists can not get guides, can not get deer, nor fish, nor hotel accommodations. There are so many people about the lakes that one discontented sportsman said that he could not fire at a deer for fear of hitting a man. Whether this melancholy report is wholly true can only be ascertained by those who are willing and able to "rough it," and to go to the less frequented sections, where still, as Mr. Murray says, "the air is literally full of jumping trout," above the lakes, and game is abundant enough to satisfy the most eager sportsman.

One of the horrors of long railroad journeys in the United States has been the want of proper arrangements and sufficient time to partake of meals comfortably. The shouted announcement, "Fifteen minutes for dinner!" is in general a summons to a hasty battle with tough beef, cold vegetables, heavy bread, and boiling-hot chiccory coffee. Starving travelers bolt down the food, rush back to the cars, and presently have an attack of dyspepsia. This style of things is rapidly being changed. On some Western roads the trains do not stop at all for meals, a Pullman hotel car affording passengers all necessary refreshment. These cars are made so steady by a combination of springs that there is no danger of unsettling a dish. Small tables, with abundant space for four persons at each, are nicely laid for those desiring refreshment. The kitchen is in the middle of the car, but so inclosed and ventilated that one would scarcely suspect its use. Yet it is provided with ice-boxes and every thing necessary in the way of edibles to supply a most excellent dinner or a light lunch, at the option of the traveler. The cost of each article is upon the bill of fare, and is as reasonable as at any good city restaurant.

Noble traits of character sometimes show themselves amidst the first confusion and terror of dire disaster. On the occasion of a late accident to a Connecticut River train a jammed brakeman, hanging to the knob of a car door, said to the brother brakeman who came to his assistance: "Dick, if any one else is hurt worse than I am, help him first." On the same day an accident occurred on a Rutland (Vermont) train, and the first words of a severely injured engineer were: "Are any of the passengers hurt?"

The organization known as the "Woman's Bureau," located at No. 47 East Twenty-third Street, is designed, as we understand it, to furnish common head-quarters to all those societies which have in view the amelioration of the condition of women. By thus centralizing the whole work it is believed that each specific work may be prosecuted to better advantage.

M. Pouchet, in the *Avenir National*, relates the following singular incident: In February Colonel Franks was engaged near the village of Chamba with a body of rebels, and many prisoners were taken. One of them, a Bengalee, aged about fifty-four, was conducted before the authorities to undergo interrogations. The prisoner for the first time appeared to realize the danger of his situation when he found himself stripped and surrounded with soldiers. He trembled violently, terror and despair being depicted on his countenance, and when replying to questions appeared absolutely stupefied by fear. Then, in the space of half an hour, his hair, which had been of a brilliant black, became gray on every part of his head. The sergeant who had charge of the prisoner cried out, "He is turning gray," and called attention to the singular phenomenon, which was observed by many persons through all its phases.

The New York City Directory for the present year contains 189,443 names—an excess of 36[illegible] over last year. The name of Smith occurs 806 times, while there are 893 Browns, 245 Greens, 387 Whites, and a moderate number of Grays, Blacks, and Blues. There are 187 Foxes, 82 Wolfs, and only 9 Bears. A study of the Directory is a curious amusement.

The prospect is that there will be an abundant crop of peaches this season. Delaware and Maryland are the great peach-growing States, though New Jersey sends a goodly quantity into the market. Some of the largest peach-orchards contain over 100,000 trees, spread over many acres, the trees being planted in regular rows about twenty-five feet apart, and yielding often a bushel and a half apiece.

Accounts of the immense damage caused by the floods in Texas continue to be received. Among the incidents mentioned is that of a lady near Belton, who, with six small children, driven from her house, which was swept by the high water, took refuge in a tree with all her little ones. As the flood brought along fence-rails and drift-wood she caught them, and constructed a sort of raft around the tree, so that when one of her children slept and fell it was caught by the platform below. Here the heroic mother, with all her precious treasures, remained for twenty-four hours, until a neighbor constructed a boat and took them all safely to shore.

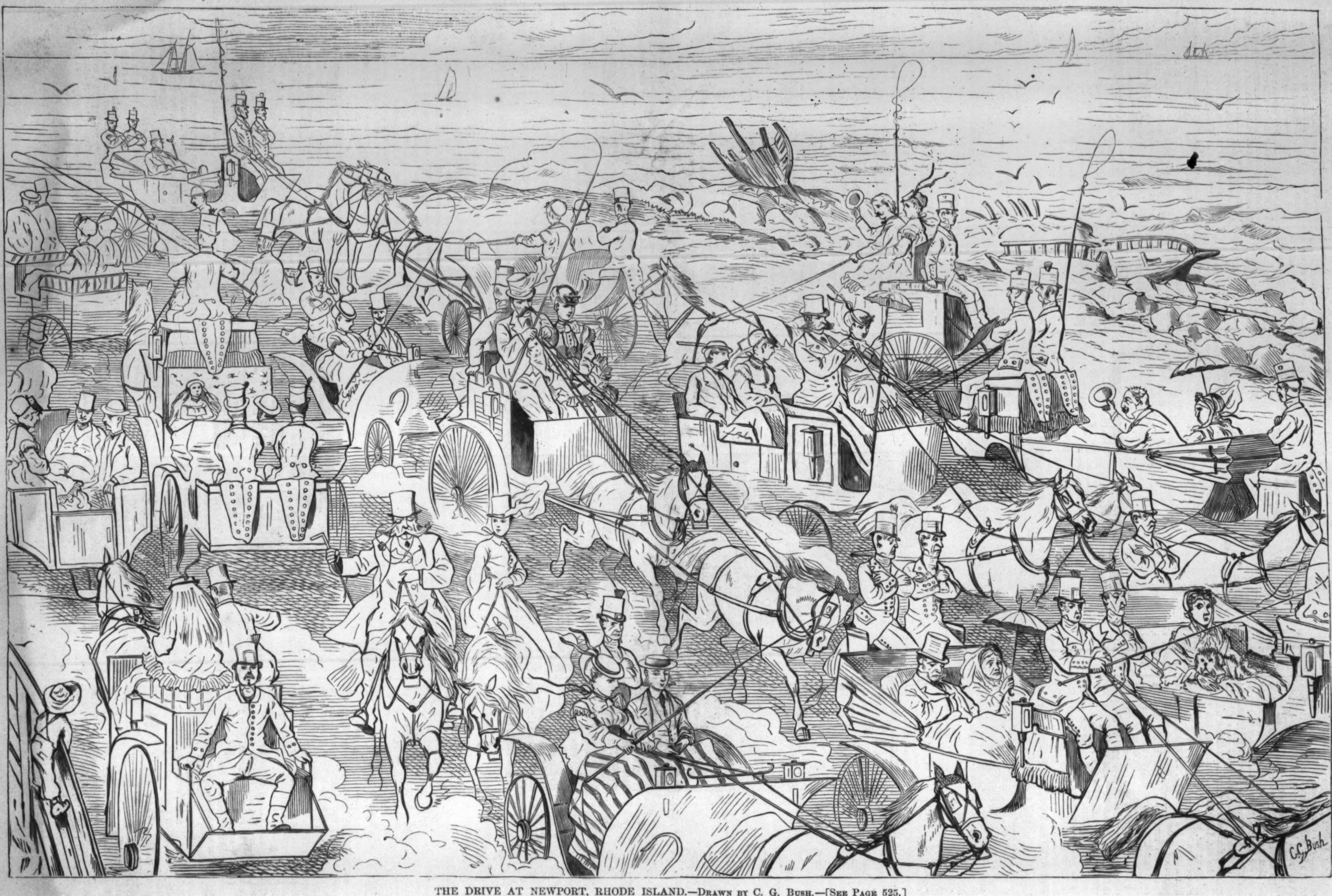
Prince Alamayoo, son of King Theodore of Abyssinia, is represented to be an intelligent and lovable child, with great quickness of observation, and a somewhat excitable temperament. His tastes, as far as they are yet developed, are on the side of manliness and muscularity.

A German chemist recommends that those who find Epsom salts too disgusting should boil ordinary coffee with the salt solution, when all disagreeable taste is removed, and the mixture becomes actually pleasant. The proportions may be, by weight, one of coffee to three of salts, to ten of water. It would not be strange, however, if one, following this recipe, should find *coffee* spoiled for them forever afterward.

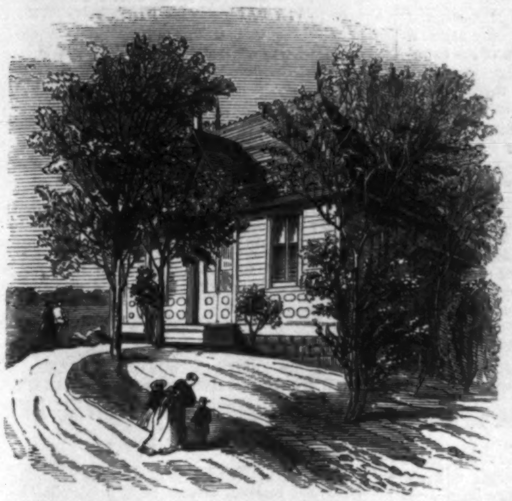
"Prevention is better than cure." At this season, when the sun's rays pour down with the greatest intensity, all precautions which may save persons from sun-stroke should be understood, and taken by those exposed to intense solar heat. It is said, on good authority, that the man who abstains from all spirituous drinks during excessively hot weather is vastly less liable to sun-stroke than one who drinks habitually. Regular hours for sleep and meals, and the avoidance of all irregularities and excesses, are among the other preventives. Bathing or sponging the skin all over in the *morning* is a wholesome precaution. Every one employed outdoors, that can possibly do it, should wear a light, easy-fitting, broad-brimmed hat. Bricklayers, carpenters, laborers, mortar-makers, hod-carriers, and all others working in the sun, should have some kind of shed or shade at hand, where they can rest for a few minutes at short intervals. One of the best preventives to sun-stroke is said to be a thin piece of sponge loosely sewed in the top of the hat, and occasionally moistened with water in the course of the day. A handkerchief, dampened and laid in the top of the hat, will answer a very good temporary purpose.

According to an exchange, it is easy enough to kill quack or twitch grass if you only go to work right. First dig it up with a spade, then rake it out carefully with a succession of tools, beginning with a three-legged stool and ending with a fine-tooth comb—agitating the soil to the depth of two feet. Take the grass and roots and run them through a straw-cutter, mix them with meal and feed them to your pig, and then immediately sell the pig out of the country. Seed down your garden to clover, and take your neighbor's cow or william-goat to pasture, and you will be troubled with quack grass no more—that year. This is the only sure cure—all other methods are quackier than the grass.

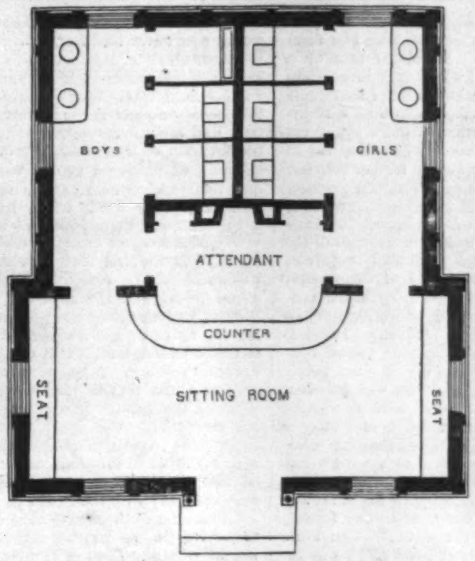
Two Japanese, by the name of Yoshida Hicomara and Ohara Reynoske, lately graduated at Munson Academy, Massachusetts. The first delivered a dissertation on the "Introduction of Christianity into Japan," and the other on "Japan as it Was and Is."



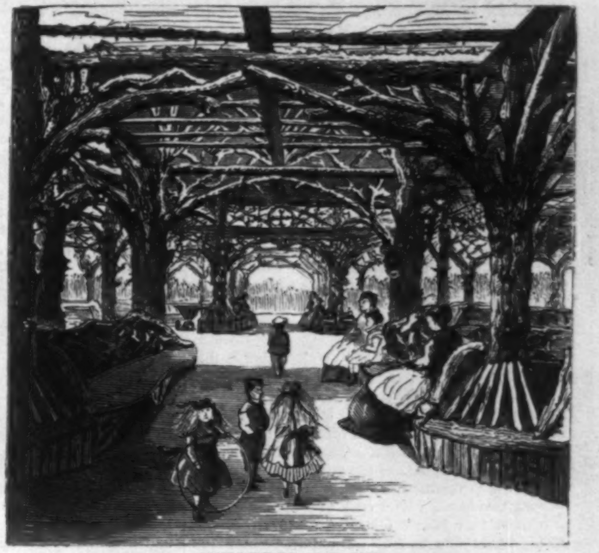
THE DRIVE AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.—Drawn by C. G. Bush.—[See Page 525.]



NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK—CHILDREN'S COTTAGE.



FLOOR PLAN OF CHILDREN'S COTTAGE.



CHILDREN'S SHELTER.

NEW VIEWS IN CENTRAL PARK.

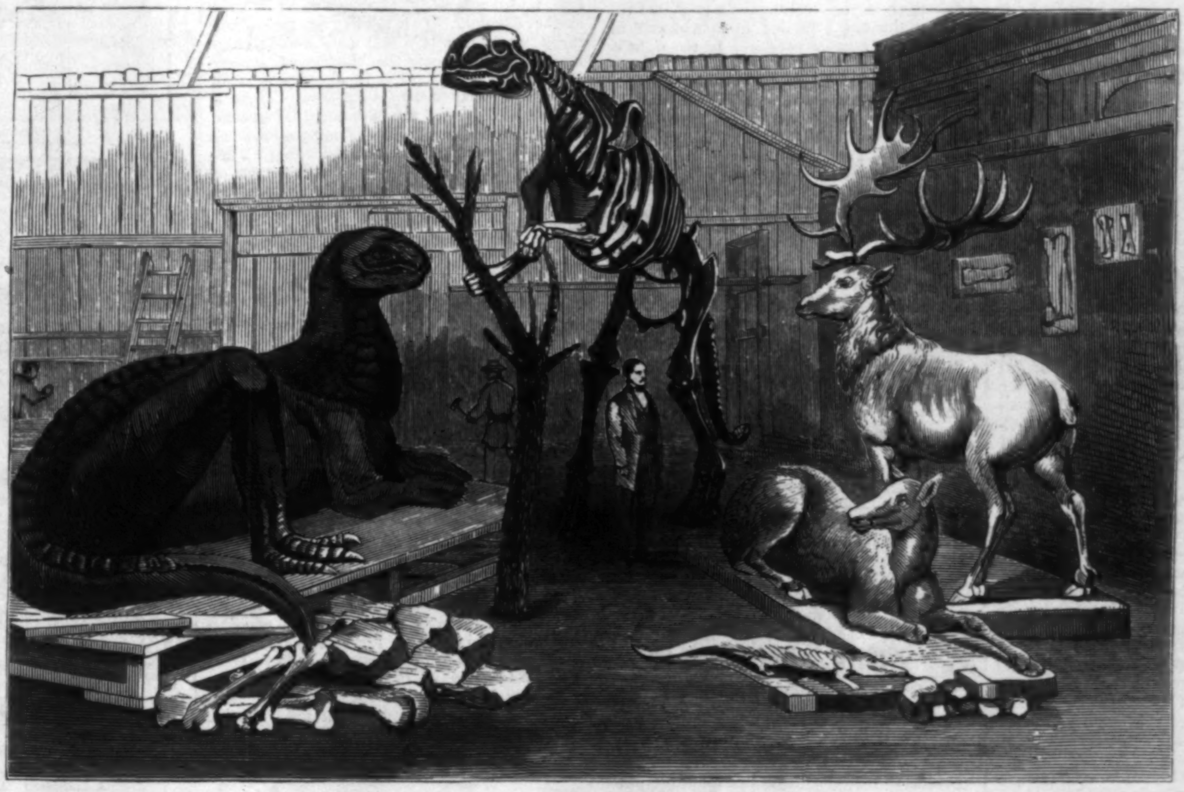
Every year witnesses new improvements in the New York Central Park. This is very evident to the merely occasional visitor, who always finds some novelty that did not meet his eye upon former visits. We give some illustrations on this page of the latest novelties introduced.

The most interesting of our sketches are those of the Children's Shelter and the Children's Cottage. For several years the children of our schools have been allowed the use of the play-grounds of the Park. Any child attending the public schools of the city may have the privilege of the play-grounds, upon application to the Commissioners of the Park, with a certificate from his or her teacher of the punctual attendance of the applicant upon the school and of good character. We also give an illustration of the Boys' Play-Ground. By confining the use of the grounds to school-children the practice of adult clubs of match games, and the objectionable features that have become the frequent attendant of these games, have been effectually prevented. Croquet-play upon the girls' ground has been initiated, and several swings have been erected for the use of children.

A great variety of animals have been added to the zoological collection in the Park—among them a fine specimen of the American buffalo; a toucan; an American black bear; a cinnamon bear, from India; a white-lipped peccary; a fine Mexican lion, two years old, captured on the upper Rio Grande; a magnificent grizzly bear from the Rocky Mountains; a Brazilian and two South American ostriches; a pair of Rasse cats from Java; a beautiful Angola leopard; a pair of prairie-dogs, and a number of Java sparrows and chaffinches.

The formation of a Zoological Garden has been included in the plan of the Central Park. A beginning has been made in the collection of animals, and it is designed in time to develop this feature of the establishment into a completer form. Beyond its use as a never-failing source of interest and pleasurable gratification to the public will be its value as an addition to the educational resources of our city.

An important branch of Natural History of almost romantic interest is that relating to the forms of life that once existed upon the earth, but are now extinct. Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins has been selected to attend to the restoration of fossils illustrating ancient life upon this continent. We give an illustration of the Paleontological Studio at the Central Park Museum, with models of animals of ancient times now being restored from the fossils by Mr. Hawkins, including the skeleton of the *Hadrasaurous Foulkii*, which forms the centre of the group. This gigantic and remarkable animal, a creature with reptilian characteristics, twenty-six feet in length and fourteen in height, was found at Haddonfield, New Jersey.



PALEONTOLOGICAL STUDIO AT THE CENTRAL PARK MUSEUM.

Mr. STEWART'S NEW RESIDENCE.

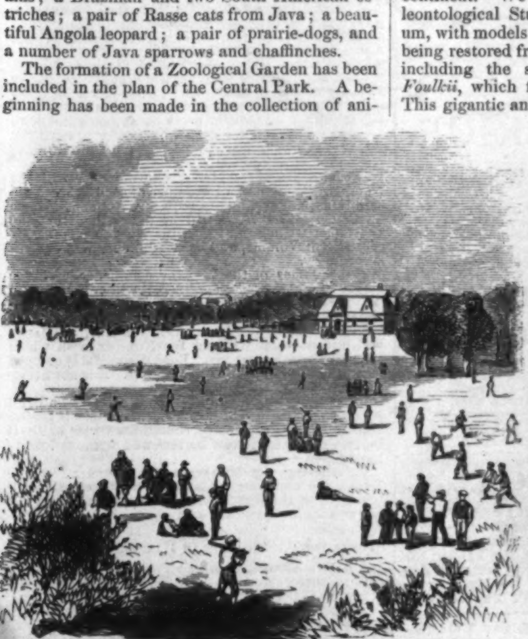
New York is not a picturesque city, like London or Paris, or a dozen other European cities which we might name. It has no great antiquity, and has, therefore, little regard for what is old. In London or in Paris you may see some relics of past centuries; these are reverenced and preserved as long as they endure. But New York is a series of experiments, and every thing which has lived its life and played its part is held to be dead, and is buried, and over it grows a new world. Of how few buildings in this city can it be said, "Here is something that will last for a thousand years?" How few, indeed, are built with any idea of permanency!

But there is one edifice in New York that, if not swallowed up by an earthquake, will stand as long as the city remains, and will ever be pointed to as a monument of individual enterprise, of far-seeing judgment, and of disinterested philanthropy. This is Mr. A. T. Stewart's new and palatial mansion on Fifth Avenue, of which we give an illustration on page 521.

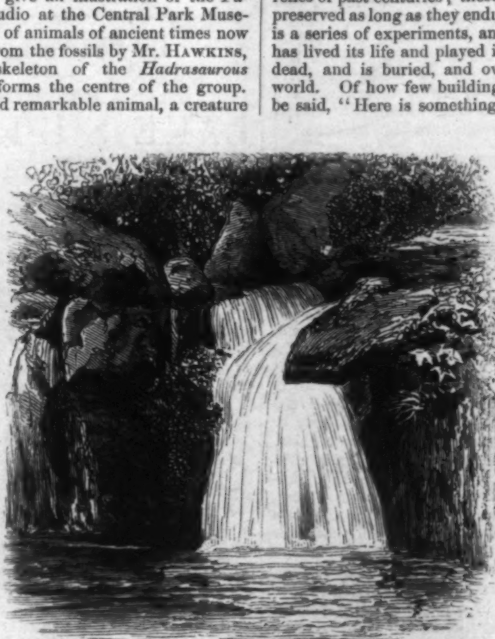
There is nothing like it in the world, not even among the palaces of the European nobility. That is the impression which first strikes us as we enter the building. The architect, Mr. Kellum, had a difficult problem to solve. He was to make an eternal monument which should also be fitted for a temporal habitation. He has admirably succeeded, we must admit; but still every one who looks upon the result must feel that this splendid palace was never designed primarily for a private dwelling. It is a temple rather than a mansion.

The very first glance at the building suggests a fault in architectural design—at least, we deem it such. The elaborate system of pillars at the two main entrances support nothing. They constitute an architectural conundrum. For, if there is any well established canon of architecture, it is the law that no column should exist without supporting something—something more than an entablature; something *needing* columnar support. Then, again, it seems unfortunate that such an edifice should not be surrounded by spacious grounds. But Mr. Stewart evidently looked forward to the time when the pushing commerce of the city would make its demands felt even in Thirty-Fourth Street.

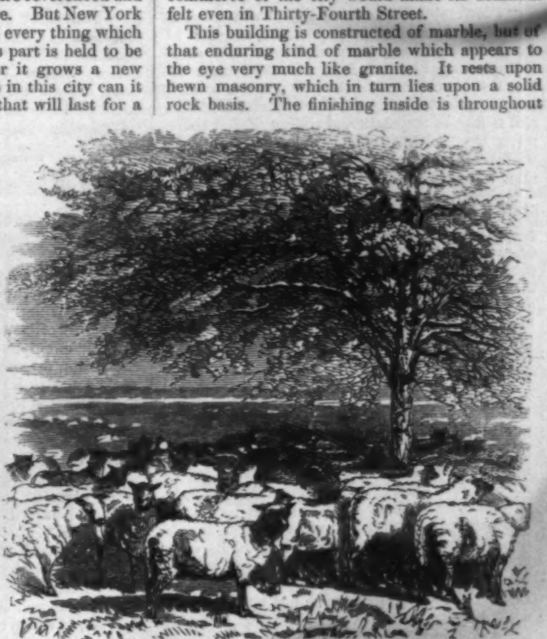
This building is constructed of marble, but of that enduring kind of marble which appears to the eye very much like granite. It rests upon hewn masonry, which in turn lies upon a solid rock basis. The finishing inside is throughout



BOYS' PLAY-GROUND, CENTRAL PARK.



THE CASCADE, CENTRAL PARK.



SHEEP ON THE GREEN, CENTRAL PARK.

of beautiful Italian marble, the work upon which was done in Italy. The style of architecture is purely Corinthian. The building does not strike one as extraordinarily large at the first glance. It is only three stories in height. But it towers above all the surrounding structures. For each story is over twenty feet in height. So the several apartments do not at first seem to be of more than ordinary size until we know their measurement.

The entire structure, external and internal, is destitute of showy ornamentation. The style of beauty adopted is very chaste and severe. It is grand without being heavy; it is fine and elaborate without being fanciful. This will appear even more to be the case when the walls are finished and subdued in color, so as to harmonize with the blue-veined marble. The doors are to be of rose-wood.

The building, with scarcely an alteration in the arrangement of its rooms, could be transformed into a magnificent art-gallery. It almost astonishes us to hear the architect speak of this as a reception room, of that as a breakfast room, and of another as the parlor. The beautiful wardrobe and bath-rooms are the only portions of the house which distinctively suggest the idea of a private residence. The vista of rooms is one of the most remarkable features which strike the eye. From one end of the building one looks through to the other. The grand hall leads to the marble staircase—the most beautiful specimen of architecture of that kind in the country. Passing beyond this, we enter the picture-gallery, which is to be adorned with the finest specimens of statuary and painting that Mr. Stewart has been able to obtain during a search of several years.

The windows throughout the building consist each of a single pane of glass. There is an electrical apparatus for lighting the gas. The entire structure in its design reflects great credit upon Mr. Stewart, and as a work of architecture it is equally creditable to Mr. Kellum.

THE DRIVE AT NEWPORT.

Our illustration on page 524 of the Drive at Newport is engraved from a drawing by Mr. C. G. Bush. It is a very full and characteristic representation of one of the most prominent features of this fashionable summer resort. The Drive has recently been greatly extended, so as to lead round the Point and back again, making a circuit of about ten miles.

ANTIPATHIES.

We can readily understand that the olfactory powers of nature in man or woman recoil with loathing from disagreeable or offensive odors; but it is less easy to believe that this objection can in any degree apply to the sweet fragrance of the Queen of Flowers. Yet we have well-attested instances, and Pope probably had some of these in his mind when he used the expression,

> "Die of a rose in aromatic pain!"

According to Sir Kenelm Digby, if the Lady Heneage, of the bedchamber to Queen Elizabeth, laid a rose upon her cheek when she composed herself to rest, that cheek became immediately blistered. Cardinal Don Enrique de Cardona went into a swoon upon encountering the smell of a rose, and Laurentius, Bishop of Urat island, was killed by the same cause. During the season of roses Cardinal Caraffa inclosed himself in a chamber in his palace, and suffered no one to approach him who carried one about his person.

"I knew a stout soldier," says Donatus, "who could not endure the smell or sight of the herb rue, but would instantly betake himself to flight on his first notice of its presence."

Chesne, secretary to Francis the First, King of France, a Parisian, was forced to stop his nostrils with bread when there were any apples at table, and so offensive was the smell of them to him that if one was held near his nose it began to bleed almost instantaneously.

"I have seen," we are told by Brassavolus, as quoted by Schenck, "the younger daughter of Frederick the First, King of Naples, who could not eat any kind of fish, nor even taste the smallest quantity. As often as she put a bit in her mouth she was seized with vehement fits, and falling to the earth and rolling herself thereupon, would lamentably shriek out. This she would continue to do for the space of half an hour, after which time she would return to herself."

Guarnerius relates that hog's flesh was so disgusting to him that it produced the effect of poison, although he never used it but in broth or sauces. When his mother, on a particular occasion, gave him a dish of that meat without his previous knowledge, minced into the smallest bits, and he unwittingly ate some, within an hour after he was seized with a violent palpitation of the heart, fell into fits, and concluded with a vomiting of blood.

Schenck also says a learned person once told him that he knew one at Antwerp who would immediately swoon as often as pork was set before him upon any table at which he was present. Further, that he was also acquainted with a person of high quality who fainted at the sight of an eel; and even if one were inclosed in paste, or otherwise covered up, he fell down as dead, and was unable to return to himself until the obnoxious dish was removed. Germanicus could not endure the sight or voice of a cock, and the Persian Magi had an intense horror of mice. Henry III. of France could not sit in a room with a cat. The Duke of Schomberg had the same aversion. This is by no means an uncommon antipathy. A gentleman in the court of the Emperor Ferdinand would bleed at the nose when hearing a cat mew, no matter how great the distance might be that separated him from the obnoxious animal. Mathiolus tells of a German, who, coming at winter time into an inn to sup with him and some other friends, the woman of the house, being acquainted with his temperament in this particular, put a young cat in a chest in the same room where they sat at their meal. But though he had neither seen nor heard of it, after a little time a sudden paleness came over his face, and he cried out that in some corner or another a cat was concealed. A more recent instance may be quoted in the case of the late Mr. Vandenhoff, the celebrated tragedian, which came within the notice of the present writer. Walking with him one day in the Zoological Gardens at Liverpool, and being in close conversation, Vandenhoff suddenly stopped, grasped the arm of his companion almost convulsively, and pointed forward with some nearly inarticulate exclamation. A cat was hobbling toward them, a sort of *lusus naturæ*, without hind-legs. It was chased away, and after a short interval the tragedian resumed his ordinary demeanor. On another occasion the writer happened to sit next to him at a dinner-party. Suddenly he turned pale, dropped his knife and fork, fell back in his chair, and said, faintly, "There's a cat under the table!" The brute had brushed by his legs, and the effect was instantaneous. Shakspeare, as we all know, says,

> "Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
> Some that are mad if they behold a cat;"

and then he adds, as a commentary, "There is no firm reason" to be rendered for these strange loathings.

Among the records of antipathy we find one of a man who could not endure that an old woman should look upon him; of another, that if he met the smallest dog he was seized with convulsions in the left hand; of a young girl who swooned at the sound of a bell, or of a loud voice speaking or singing; of a nun who perspired violently if she saw a beetle; of a nobleman of Mantua who became paralyzed at the sight or contact of a hedgehog, and for two years imagined he was gnawed internally by such an animal; and of a maid-servant in Flanders who had lived entirely on milk, without any other kind of food. She was not able to endure even the smell of bread, and if the smallest particle of it was put into her basin, even at a distance, she detected it immediately. Ambrose Paré, the celebrated French surgeon, mentions a gentleman who never could see a carp without fainting. Also a lady on whom a boiled lobster had the same effect. Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to all kinds of fish that the smell of it gave him a fever. Joseph Scaliger never could drink milk. Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs. There are some persons who can not bear to look on spiders; others have been known to eat them as a luxury. John Rol, a gentleman of Alcantara, would swoon on hearing the word *lana* (wool) pronounced, although his cloak was made of that material. M. Vaugheim, a great huntsman in Hanover, would run away to avoid fainting at the sight of a roast pig. M. de Lançre, in his "*Tableau de l'inconstance de toutes Choses,*" gives an account of a very brave officer who never dared to look at a mouse, it would so terrify him, unless he had his sword in his hand. M. de Lançre adds that he knew him perfectly well. The great Marshal Saxe looked under his bed every night to see that no animal of any kind was there. The philosopher Chrysippus had such an aversion to be saluted that he fell down if any one paid him that respect. The Duke d'Epernon fainted at the sight of a leveret. Marshal d'Albret turned sick at table if a sucking-pig was served up. Tycho Brahe felt his limbs sink under him if he encountered a hare or fox. La Mothe le Vayer could not endure the sound of any musical instrument, yet had exquisite pleasure from the noise of thunder. This anecdote has been fathered on Dr. Gregory, the celebrated Edinburgh physician, who, being asked by a lady if he liked music, replied: "I like it, Madam, as well as thunder or any other noise." Something to the same effect was said by Dr. Johnson to another lady, who observed that a *concerto* he had just heard was very difficult. "Madam," growled the philosopher, "I wish it had been impossible." An Englishman in the last century was near expiring whenever the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah was read to him. We could multiply similar cases of antipathy almost *ad infinitum*, but enough have been adduced.

LITERARY FRIVOLITIES.

Utility is not always the chief object of literary labor, and neither is "value received" always its aim and end; for in this kind of work, as in other kinds, difficulty and expectant applause is frequently a great incentive. With many writers, more particularly in former times, various curious styles of composition were much in favor—one, for example, would have a predilection for composing verses with the omission in each stanza of a particular letter; others would write in such a way as to enable their writing to be read from the end to the beginning of the line, or *vice versa*, as the reader chose; while a third, again, vexed himself in the composition of alliterative, or, perhaps, anagrammatic, poetry. Another class of literary triflers, among others, might be named those who chose to display a microscopic skill by writing so small that their work appeared to the naked eye only a mere wavy line. Laborious ingenuity of these kinds, so far from being discouraged, was rather pleasurably indulged in by some of the best ancient writers, of whom might have been expected other and better things. Take as an instance of one of these literary frivolities, for which the author seldom, if ever, receives either fame or emolument, many of the works of Lopez de Vega—works now never heard of, and, perhaps, better so, since many of them were of a character unworthy of their author. The Spanish poet wrote no less than 1800 plays, of which only about a fifth occupy a place in the literature of his country; and among his other writings were five novels, from each of which one of the five vowels were excluded—a conceit which must have cost their author considerable labor. Of this kind of literary work, which has been called Lipogrammatic, there have been many instances—Tryphiodorus, for example, composed a Greek *Iliad*, from the first book of which the letter *a* was excluded, the second book excluded *b*, and so on throughout the alphabet in succession. Pindar, too, wrote an ode from which he omitted the letter *s*; and Fulgentius, a monk, performed a similar feat to that of Tryphiodorus in the sixth century. It has been recorded also of a Persian poet that he read a poem to the king in which the letter *a* was altogether excluded; but his royal highness speedily wearied of hearing it, and instead of complimenting the poet upon his skill and ingenuity, bluntly recommended that all the other letters should be sent to keep company with the exiled *a*.

In relation to those who have chosen to exert themselves in the way of microscopic writing, the fact that the *Iliad* of Homer has been written in so small a compass as to be wholly inclosed in a nut-shell has been often referred to as one of those things which would require to be seen ere it could be believed. However doubtful such a feat may appear, it is certain that one Huet, who at first thought it impossible, demonstrated by experiment that it could be done. A piece of vellum, 10 inches in length and 8 wide, would hold 250 lines, each line containing 30 verses, and thus filling both sides of the vellum, 15,000, the whole number of verses in the *Iliad*, could be written upon it; and this piece of vellum, folded compactly, would go easily into the shell of a walnut. It is nothing unusual to find nowadays writing of a still more minute character than this, seeing that the Ten Commandments have been written in a compass small enough to be covered by a sixpence. There is a portrait of Queen Anne in the British Museum, on which appear a number of minute lines and scratches, which, when examined through a microscope, are shown to be the entire contents of a small folio book which the librarian has in his possession. A similar effort in the way of microscopic caligraphy was some years ago discovered in London by a gentleman who had bought at a sale a pen-and-ink portrait of Alexander Pope, surrounded by a design in scroll-work. Examining it through a glass, in order, if possible, to discover the artist's name, he was astonished to find that the fine lines in the surrounding scroll was nothing less than a life of the poet, so minutely transcribed as only to be legible by the aid of a magnifier. This was an evident imitation of a similar effort in the way of portraiture which was at one time in a library at Oxford, where a head of Charles I. was drawn in minute characters, so fine as to resemble the lines of an engraving, but which, when closely examined, were found to be the Book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer.

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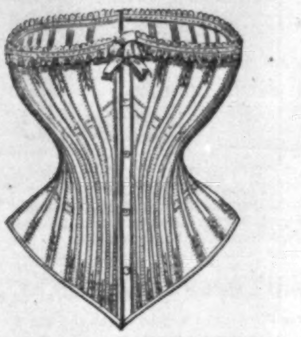

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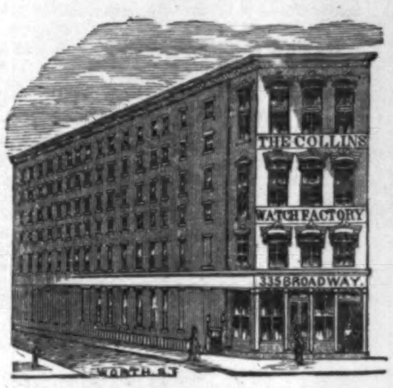

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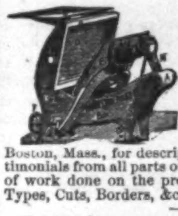

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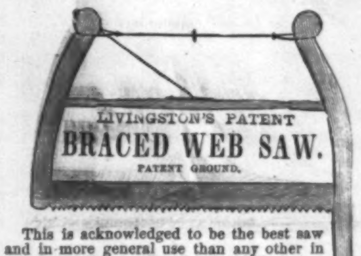
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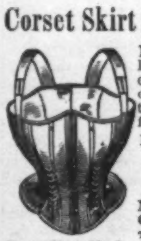

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